

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—Address, Nov. 1st, 1844.

THE MISSION OF YOUNG ENGLAND.

THE tendencies of our age are eminently *material* and *sensual*. Such, if it deserve the name, is its prevailing philosophy. The spirit of trade has passed into the public mind, and calculations of profit and loss, under the names of political economy and the utilitarian principle, have dethroned RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, and POETRY. Let us not be mistaken. We do not, therefore, as foes would have the world to believe, declare war against ADAM SMITH and JEREMY BENTHAM. On the contrary, we admit that in both of them, and in their disciples, there is much that is good and true, and within the provinces of political economy and jurisprudence they are to be venerated and consulted.

But our complaint is, that the principles they taught have been carried out of their proper sphere. Our quarrel with the prevailing tendencies of the time is, that principles and rules true enough in their application to the creation of wealth or the making of laws, have been permitted to engross the whole man, to absorb all thoughts, to stifle all researches into other and loftier objects of existence, and to shut out, as it were, from our contemplations the noblest part of our complex being. We contend that the principles of commerce are not the best guides in the study of mind and morals, and that it is to the neglect of the spiritual portion of our nature, and the too great attention given to our material and sensual interests, that the evils of modern society are mainly to be ascribed.

Applied to RELIGION, this trading spirit has substituted sectarianism, and cant, and fanaticism, for true Christian piety.

Applied to POLITICS, it has made the increase of wealth the sole care of governments, to the neglect of the well-being and advancement of the individual MAN.

Applied to PHILOSOPHY, it has diverted it from the pursuit of the highest branches of knowledge—divinity, mind, man—to concern itself solely with studies that can be turned to immediate marketable account, as if nothing was worthy of investigation, even though it might unveil to us the profoundest mysteries of our being,—the very conditions upon which and by which mind is linked to matter,—if it could not shew itself to be a *profitable* speculation.

Applied to POETRY, and it has been its destroyer. Poetry has not even an existence among us now.

And yet the human mind is as ever it has been. The same faculties and impulses are there, lurking in its far depths, and ready to leap forth whenever the incubus is removed that now locks them in a sleep like death. A still small voice must sometimes whisper into the ear of every man that he is not fulfilling his destiny; that he has a higher and holier mission than merely to mould matter to the uses of his senses. Moments there must be when the restless spirit will plunge into the abyss of thought, and stir the most thoughtless with the complaining whisper, “*Where am I?—What am I?—Why am I?*”

True, such wanderings out of the material world into the world of mind,—those earnest peerings through things seen into the still more huge creation of things not seen,

that exist behind, above, around, within us, may not help to put money in the purse. But it may be gravely questioned by some, and we, on behalf of YOUNG ENGLAND, venture to arraign the philosophy of our time in this, whether, as God has made us, that philosophy of materialism satisfies the requirements of our nature, or fulfils the ends of our existence. It is against that degrading philosophy THE CRITIC has declared war,—the feeble against the strong, the few against the many, the humble against the proud;—it is to teach by precept and example, in its application to literature and art, nobler and more spiritual, less gross and material doctrines, that THE CRITIC has been established.

And hopeful, indeed, is the prospect that opens to us day by day as our design becomes whispered about by those who have seen and approve it. Hearty congratulations, zealous support proffered, not by the wealthy and educated alone, but by men of all ranks; exertions kindly made to secure from friends their concurrence; the “*God-speed-you*” that comes to us from all quarters, prove that there are in our great community multitudes wearied with the heartless, hopeless, worldly character of our age and ripe to receive the seeds of a more elevating and hopeful wisdom. The *new* generation turn not away from the call where it has yet reached; they listen, with respect at least, if not with love, to the voice that preaches to them after this fashion:—

“There is something to be sought in this brief passage-life of ours beside an establishment and the honour it brings. There is other wisdom to be learned than that which tends to cash profits. Bethink thee what thou art; a divinity imprisoned in a mansion of flesh, in which thou art borne out of one eternity into another. That mansion is dear to thee because it is thy own, and it is right that thou repair, and cherish, and adorn it, as befits the habitation of so glorious an inmate. It is not unworthy thy reasonable regard. But it is not all in all to thee. It will drop from thee like a worn-out garment upon the threshold of the eternity into which thou wilt go as youthful as thou didst come from it into the dominion of Time! Thy divinity indeed is bounded by the dust with which it is united; but still it is permitted to look through the windows of its tenement and see the forms of things with which it is encompassed, and then to retire inwards and reflect upon what it has seen, and recognize a meaning in the phantasmagoria, a plan in the maze, a language in the Babel of sounds. And another and loftier privilege it enjoys, to take flight,—bounded, indeed, but yet immeasurable,—into the infinity amid which it moves, and in its meditations to recognize that which through the windows of its mansion it cannot see—GOD—SOUL.”

“Being such, and such thy destiny, bethink thee,” we say again, “what are the requirements of thy nature. Suppose thy desires gratified to the largest extent that the materialism of the age propounds as the end and aim of thy being. Imagine thyself at length reposing in thine easy chair, with all of this world’s enjoyments thy wildest fancy could desire. What then? Art thou happy? Art thou *satisfied*? Hast thou no longings for something not attained, not seen, mayhap not even dreamed of, amid the absorbing cares of life? Are there not faculties of thy mind demanding to be fed, impulses within thee importuning to be gratified? Does not thy Divinity rise in rebellion against the favoritism shewn to thy dust? Reason will rush into the labyrinth of the *how* and the *why* of thine own being, its end and aim, and of all that it surrounds; Faith will spread her wings and soar away like the dove over the waste of waters, seeking some spot in the midst of the infinite heaven where she may plume herself in the blue air she loves; Imagination will wave her wand, and invest the world about thee with a beauty which is not its own, and create a world out of the seeming void that encompasses

thee. Then thou wilt begin to know that what thou beholdest with the material eye is but as a grain of sand upon the shore, compared with the existences thou canst only recognize with the mind's eye, and with that dimly and doubtfully. Then will come to thee HOPE, and CHARITY, and deep reverence for MAN, and thou wilt learn how it is that the humblest human being is of more account than all the wealth of all the world; and, surveying the chain that links thee with God and nature, RELIGION will enthroned herself in thy heart, not as a *formula*, not as a creed, not as a ceremonial, but as a living principle, colouring thought and directing action, felt in a fervid faith, and exhibited in an earnest PIETY!"

Thus does THE CRITIC preach to YOUNG ENGLAND. If such be not now, such ought to be, the principles of the *new* generation. Such is the philosophy which we would oppose to the sceptical and material philosophy that has been so long predominant. We hope that in this there is nothing wild, visionary, or extravagant. It is the fashion to taunt us with being impracticable. We are conscious of the partiality with which all of us are wont to regard our own thoughts. But reviewing the principles and policy which we have ventured to propound in THE CRITIC for the guidance of YOUNG ENGLAND, we are unable to find in them aught that is not based upon the only true foundation of all philosophy—the nature of man, as made up of mind and body, and his destiny, having both time and eternity to provide for. We can trace no unsoundness in any position we have advanced, nothing illogical in any conclusion, nothing which may not resolve itself into practice and be carried into action. As yet, of course, our efforts have been solely directed to the definition and defence of the great principles we seek to promulgate. When they are scattered abroad and engraven upon the minds of our readers, only as new doctrines can be, by presenting them in divers shapes to the contemplation of the thoughtful, then will come the time to work them out in minute detail, to trace them to their consequences, to apply them to all the circumstances and conditions of life. At present we have enough to do to obtain for them even a hearing, against the hostility of established interests and the prejudices with which they are viewed by those who have been accustomed to see whatever savoured of them treated with sneer and ridicule by the Journal which has hitherto singly swayed the realm of literature and art. To encounter and make head against that hostility is of itself a task that largely taxes the energies of THE CRITIC.

But, thanks to the interest its readers have taken in its progress, for once the calculations of its enemies will be defeated, and THE CRITIC will flourish in spite of the hostility arrayed against it. So great has been the growth of subscribers, that they alone will enable THE CRITIC to exist and flourish. Happily, it is not a trading speculation, but a labour of love, undertaken with the single purpose of establishing that which has been so often pronounced impracticable—an honest and independent review; and of infusing into literature and art the spirit of that higher and holier philosophy which it is the MISSION of YOUNG ENGLAND to promulgate as a principle, and to exhibit in practice.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The History of Sweden. Translated from the Original of Anders Fryxell. Edited by MARY HOWITT. Vols. I. & II. London, 1844. Bentley.

THE History of Sweden is less familiar to English readers than that of any other country in Europe. A vague notion prevails that it is a collection of very dull and

tedious myths, whose heroes are huge, unshapely, un-intellectual giants, such as imaginations whose glowing hue is borrowed from the climate would be apt to frame out of the fogs, and long, dimly illuminated nights of a northern winter. The mythological era of history, which in our own case we have thrown far into "the dark backward and abysm of time," when we think of Swedish history, we extend almost unto the age we live in, and we seem not to recognize an interval between the momentous present and the mythic past, in which real men and women like ourselves have played their parts upon the world's stage, past away, and left a memory behind them for good or for evil, and whose names live on the lips of their posterity as do those famous in English history upon our own tongues.

Mrs. HOWITT has, therefore, added another to the obligations which she has conferred upon her country-folk, by introducing them to the literature of Sweden in this translation of the most faithful, the most graphic, and the most interesting of its historians. FRYXELL enjoys a large and deserved renown in his own land, and henceforth he must be honoured in ours.

The foremost merit of FRYXELL is the skill with which he combines the characters of the chronicler and the historian. The former is in essence a gossip; his business is to narrate things as they occurred, preserving the minutest traits, and even the language, of those whose story he records; the latter looks upon events in the mass, selects the most important, indicates their tendency, and reasons upon their causes and consequences. FRYXELL has aimed to do both, and so successfully, that the reader is amused as with a romance, and instructed as by a profound philosophy. He writes with the charming simplicity of thought and diction which distinguishes the best of the northern authors. He never perplexes us with doubts of his own creation, and arguments that leave us more perplexed than they found us; nor does he cap his instances with "wisesaws." He speaks right on with entire unreserve, like one who has the most confident belief in the strict truth of all he tells; and the consequence is, that he leaves upon the mind the most vivid impressions of the persons and events he describes, and makes it a partaker in his own convictions.

He deals with the Scandinavian mythology in the most masterly manner. Conscious of its tediousness, he omits its catalogues of names, its wearisome minuteness, its prosy tales, and extracting only their spirit and their poetry, he has presented us with a narrative that has the charm of a romance. It carries us back to the days of credulous childhood, when the happiness was enjoyed of a belief in all we read—a bliss for ever lost to the man grown wise. When he arrives at the epoch of veritable history, he adopts the plan of conveying a picture of the times by minute touches, too often neglected by your stilted historians, who will condescend to notice only kings and princes, and the crowd that encircles them. FRYXELL delights to throw into his canvas accurate representations of the inferior classes who make a country, with accurate delineations of their habits and manners, and so to revivify the past.

He divides the history of Sweden into three epochs. First, the fabulous period, extending to the year 1061; second, the Roman Catholic period, extending to the accession of GUSTAVUS VASA, in 1521; and the third bringing down the narrative to the death of ERIC, son of GUSTAVUS VASA, in 1577. We presume we are to have a continuation of it.

FRYXELL dwells with manifest pleasure upon the reign of GUSTAVUS VASA, which was indeed the foundation of Swedish existence as a power in the European confederacy. The events that placed him upon the throne are narrated with minute accuracy, but without tediousness; for the reader feels as he goes along how

upon every link in the chain was suspended the destinies of Sweden, and the story permits this elaboration. It has all the features of a romance; it is, in truth, one of those tales which a journalist of our own day would describe as "a Romance of Real Life." MARY HOWITT is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of literature for her translation of this delightful history, which she has accomplished with a freedom and flow that might have imposed it upon the honest critic for an original composition. We cannot better recommend it than by a few passages taken where the subjects will best permit of isolation.

We cannot altogether omit the mythology, and we prefer the account of Queen TORBORG, because it exhibits the features of the northern myths, which held the highest virtue to be courage, and war and plunder the noblest objects of ambition.

THE LEGEND OF QUEEN TORBORG.

King Erik had no son, but only one daughter named Torborg. She was more beautiful and wise than most other women. She was clever in all woman's work, as it was fitting she should be, but still more so in what befits a knight, namely, in riding, fighting with sword and shield, and many other exploits of that kind which were her chief pleasure and delight. King Erik little liked his daughter having such masculine tastes, and begged her to sit still in her maiden chamber as other Kings' daughters used to do; but she told him, she had good need of these accomplishments, for, when she should inherit the kingdom from her father, it would require her best ability to defend it against foreign enemies. She therefore begged her father to give her at that time some province to govern, that she might accustom herself while he yet lived to rule both land and people. King Erik gave her, in consequence, a third of his kingdom, as well as an estate royal called Ulleraker, in Uppland, and also many a stout and bold man to be her champions. Torborg then set out for Ulleraker, and held her court there with much might and wisdom; but she never could endure to hear that she was a woman, dressing herself in men's clothes, and ordering her men to call her King Torborg. Those who came here to court her were driven away with laughter and mockery, or, if these did not suffice, with lance and spear.

The affections of this redoubtable lady were characteristically sought by King ROLF by the sword. He won her in fair fight.

Rolf called to Kettill, and bade him take Torborg prisoner, but not to wound her, as it would be shameful to use arms against a woman. Kettill was now so near her that he gave her a blow with the flat of his sword along the thigh, dropping at the same time some rude and contemptuous words; but Torborg gave him with her battleaxe so hard a blow on the ear, that Kettill fell with his heels in the air, and she called to him, "Thus we punish our dogs when they bark too loud." Kettill leapt to his feet again wanting to revenge himself, but in the same moment Rolf came up, grasped Torborg across the arms, and so she was obliged to surrender herself to his power; but Rolf only desired that she would permit her father to be judge in this matter. She therefore accompanied him back to Upsala, and laid down her arms at King Erik's feet, who was greatly delighted at this change. Shortly after her marriage with King Rolf was celebrated, and held in the most honourable manner, so that every man was invited to it, and the festivities lasted fourteen days, after which they all parted, and every one returned home to his own place. King Rolf and Queen Torborg lived long and happily together.

In another place FRYXELL presents us with

AN OUTLINE OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

All nations have sought by means of a mythology to explain the origin and government of the world, the destiny of man in this life, and his state after death. The belief and ideas entertained by the early Scandinavians on these points may be found detailed in an ancient work entitled the "Edda." According to that work, there was in the beginning of time, neither earth, ocean, nor sky, but one huge gulf, called Ginnungagap. On the one side of this gulf lay Niflheim, a region of frost and cold; on the other Muspelheim, where Surtur reigns, the region of fire and light. When the vapours from Niflheim met the rays from Muspelheim, they obtained life and became a great giant, called Ymer. This giant was evil, as were all his descendants, who were called Rintussur. But the three gods, Odin, Vile, and Ve, killed Ymer, in whose blood all the Rintussur were drowned save Bergelmer, who, with his wife, saved himself in a boat, and

continued the race of the Rintussur. Ymer's body was carried by the gods into Ginnungagap, and of it they made the earth. The blood was turned into sea and lakes, the bones became mountains, the hair grew into forests, the beard into grass, and the teeth became stones. The skull was raised above the earth, and became the firmament. A dwarf was placed under each corner, called East, West, South, and North. The gods then took sparks from Muspelheim, and placed them as stars in the sky. In the centre of the earth they raised a strong castle made of Ymer's eyebrows. This castle was called Midgard, and there the gods resided; but the giants were permitted to dwell without on the sea-coasts. The gods once found on the shore the trunks of two dead trees. Of these they formed the two first human beings, Ask and Embla, from whom the human race have since descended; and they dwelt with the gods in Midgard.

Here we have the origin of the tumuli, that have puzzled antiquarian brains:—

A ROYAL FUNERAL.

When King Ring saw the chariot empty, he understood that King Harald was slain; he therefore caused a cessation of arms to be blown on the trumpets, and offered the Danish army peace and quarter, which they accepted. The next morning Ring caused the field of battle to be carefully searched for King Harald's corpse, which was not found till the middle of the day, under a heap of slain. Ring caused it to be taken up, washed, and honourably treated, according to the custom of those times, and laid it in Harald's chariot. A great mound was then raised, and the horse which had drawn Harald during the battle was harnessed to the car, and so the royal corpse was drawn into the mound. There the horse was killed, and King Ring caused his own saddle to be brought in, and gave it to his friend King Harald, praying him to use it in riding to dwell with Odin in Walhalla. After this, he caused a great funeral feast to be celebrated, and at its conclusion, begged all the warriors and chief men who were present to honour Harald by gifts and ornaments. Many precious things were thrown in, large bracelets and excellent arms; after which the mound was carefully closed and preserved. And King Ring remained sole governor over the whole kingdoms of Sweden and Norway.

Liberty is of ancient origin in Sweden. From the earliest times the peasantry were admitted into the council of the nation. This is the speech of TORGNY, one of the order of *Tings*, or peasants, who forced the monarch to make peace with the King of Norway. A curious trait of manners is

TORGNY'S SPEECH.

" Swa's kings are different in character now to what they were in former times. My grandfather Torgny could well remember Erik Edmundson, and related of him how in his earliest years he went in arms each summer round divers lands, subduing Finland, Kyrland, Estonia, Courland, and many other countries to the eastward, and how the fortresses and other great works he had made could yet be seen. But he was not, however, so proud but that he could endure the words of those who had matters of moment to lay before him. My father, Torgny, was a long time with King Björn, and knew his mode of living well. King Björn's kingdom stood also during his whole lifetime with great might and strength, and without any deficiency, for he was friendly towards all his men. I have also a good memory of King Erik Segersäll, and have been with him on many expeditions. He increased the kingdom of Sweden, and defended it mightily; and yet it was easy for us to discourse and take counsel with him. But this king, whom we now have, will not permit any one to speak with him on any thing but what he himself chooses and intends with all energy to pursue. His tributaries, through feebleness and unworthiness, he permits to escape him. Nevertheless he chooses to retain the kingdom of Norway under his dominion, which no king in Sweden has ever before pretended to do; for which cause many sit in disquietude. Now it is our, the peasants' will, that thou, King Olof, make peace with Olof Ijocke, the King of Norway, and that thou give him thy daughter Ingegerd to wife. And if thou shouldest wish to reconquer the countries to the east, which thy friends and forefathers possessed, we will all accompany thee for that end. But if thou wilt not agree to that which we now speak, we will fall upon and kill thee, and on no account longer endure disorder and dispeace. So have our forefathers done, who at Mulating threw five kings into well who were puffed up with pride and vanity, as thou now art. Say now immediately which of the two thou wilt accept?" The people on this made much uproar and clashing of arms; but the King arose and said, that he would give way to the will of the peasants, as all the kings of Sweden had done before him. Then the uproar ceased, and the chiefs went together and concluded peace with the Norwegian ambassadors on the conditions which

Olof Heraldson had proposed ; so that the princess Ingegerd was then promised to him.

A pleasant specimen of FRYXELL's gossiping is—

THE LEGEND OF TORSTEN.

It is said that Bishop Adalward converted a shepherd boy of the name of Torsten who served a peasant in West Gothland. When Torsten afterwards tended the peasant's cattle in the woods, he occupied himself the whole day with serious contemplations and prayers, before a great stone in place of an altar ; permitting the cattle meanwhile to wander unattended through the wood. Nevertheless, they assembled each evening of their own accord, and none of them was ever missing. The peasant, who was a heathen, hated Torsten for his Christianity ; and when he could find no other cause of complaint against him, crept secretly into the wood, and bound one of the oxen to a tree. As this animal was wanting at night, the peasant accused the lad ; and, as a punishment for the crime he had invented against him, had him sacrificed on the same stone where he had held his solitary devotions. But from this time forth the peasant's animals began to pine, grew thin, and died ; and many thought that this was a punishment for the death of the innocent. Once, as the man had killed an ox, and had already drawn off the hide, his wife began again to lament over Torsten's death, saying, that he was a saint who now dwelt in heaven. The peasant laughed aloud at this, saying, "I no more believe Torsten to be alive now than this ox which I am hewing asunder." But behold ! at these words the killed and flayed ox raised himself suddenly on his four legs ; thus, to the astonishment of all beholders, bearing witness to the sanctity of its former guardian. A little chapel was afterwards erected on this spot to Torsten's honour ; where many miracles are said to have been performed, especially upon the sick cattle of the West Gothland peasantry.

The first real legislator of whom Sweden can boast was BERGER JARL. The difficulties he had to encounter may be judged by this graphic picture of

SWEDEN IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

He assured the quiet of the land by his four Laws for Peace, namely :—for the peace of the church, women, house, and assize—kyrkofrid, qwinnofrid, hemfrid, and tingsfrid.

He ordained that none should assault another, either in the church or in the churchyard, or even on the road to or from the church. Whoever broke this ordinance was declared outlawed ; and, should he even be slain by the wronged party, was to be unavenged. This was called kyrkofrid, or church peace. At this time the custom was adopted of unarming before entering church. The arms were kept during service in an outhouse built for the purpose, which is to this day called the Weapon House.

It was also a universal custom throughout the north, in courtship, not only not to regard the bride's consent, but even not to consult her parents. Armed with sword and helmet, and accompanied by his brave companions in arms, the lover often presented himself, and, if by fair words he could not succeed, he carried off the lady by force ; in which skirmish her father and brothers were often killed, and she constrained to marry a man whom she hated, who had murdered her nearest relatives, and in the most shameful manner treated herself. It was therefore not an uncommon occurrence that she revenged herself at the first fitting opportunity, even if she waited for it for years. Sometimes she murdered her husband, or in other cases their common children, to make the father's sorrow and her own revenge the greater. Such rapes took place, especially when an affianced couple were travelling to the church, or to a priest to be married. The rejected lover often laid himself in ambush with his friends by the road, fell on the bridal party, slew the bridegroom, and carried off the bride. For this reason, some stout youths were always appointed to protect the bride on these journeys, who received in consequence the title of bridesmen, or bride servants. Birger Jarl caused a law to be published, that none should in this way disturb, or carry off a woman by force, without incurring the same punishment which he had before awarded for the breach of the law regarding the peace of the church (kyrkofrid). This was called peace of women (qwinnofrid).

But though this great lawgiver removed the most formidable abuses, and produced something like order, manners continued to be still ferocious and brutal ; for, two centuries later we find the following anecdote of

OLOF AND THE KING'S MISTRESS.

In this manner every attempt failed to help Erik again to the Swedish crown ; and the numerous negotiations which were held for the same purpose were followed by equal failure of success, from Erik's want of sense and honesty, however much the faithful and honest Hans Kröpelin laboured for him. He had long before lost all respect in Denmark. It once happened that the

powerful and illustrious Olof Tott met the King's mistress, damsel Cecilia, riding in a gay and gallant carriage, or karm, as it was then called ; and Herr Olof, not knowing her, took off his hat and saluted her respectfully, as if she had been a lady of quality. His servants began to smile at this ; and when Olof Tott learnt whom he had saluted, he overturned her carriage in his wrath, drew damsel Cecilia out of it, and giving her three blows with the side of his sword, told her to carry his compliments to King Erik, and say, that "she should part him and Denmark." The want of morals went to such a length, that Dorothea, another of the King's mistresses, bore openly in her seal the words "Dorothea, King Erik's concubine."

The history of the Folkangar dynasty is an almost unvaried record of crime and misfortune. Murder was rife among the royal family, who spared neither sex, age, nor kin, for they ratified of ambition or avarice. When the infamous race became extinct, and Sweden was united with Denmark and Norway under one crown, order was in some measure restored to society. But the people never submitted entirely to the sway of Denmark ; the risings were continual, and romantic acts of heroism are narrated, which, though for a time unsuccessful, led finally to the re-establishment of national independence under GUSTAVUS VASA. The establishment of Lutheranism and its consequences are interesting at this moment to English readers. It is thus described :—

LUTHERANISM IN SWEDEN.

The Diet of Westerås did not last very long ; scarce eight days passed ere it was closed ; but never, at any Diet, has more been executed ; never have any resolutions brought about a more complete change. The whole tremendous power of Popery in all its members was crushed. Deprived of their riches, their privileges, their great consideration, they were open to the continual and often unjust exactions of the crown and the nobility, to the attacks of the Lutheran priests, and left without power to protect themselves from the encroachments of enemies on every side. The crown of Sweden, which before had been utterly impoverished and unable to pay the half of its expenses, became rich at once ; the King formerly, in most respects, forced to act according to the will of the bishops and the clergy, now required a much wider rule ; the peasants felt a great alleviation in their taxes ; but the nobility gained the most, for countless estates were redeemed or resumed from churches and convents. Gustavus, himself descended from the chiefest and wealthiest families, did not in this respect curtail aught from his own privileges, but received large property, which has since been known by the name of the Gustavian entail. It often happened afterwards that the nobles appropriated by force fields and possessions of the church ; in such cases, however, they soon perceived that they had in Gustavus both a strict and observant master. "Ye good men," he wrote to them on receiving information of such violence, "are willing to pass for the heirs of much land and property to which you have little right. Were it now permitted to every one to help himself as he pleased, and appropriate property without reason, birth, or truth, we might also play the same trick, which we have not, however, done. So must you also, good men, not conduct yourselves as if there were neither authority, law, nor right in the land."

The peasantry revolted against the new doctrines and practices. Their deputies had an interview with the King, and as this is one of the touches that give life and reality to history, we extract it.

GUSTAVUS AND THE PEASANTRY.

The King answered them with the utmost moderation, refuting and explaining every point. The peasants, for instance, complained of the new doctrines, and "that the King and his Court eat meat upon Fridays." The King answered, "that the peasants should not trouble themselves about such matters as they did not in the least understand." The peasants complained "that times were dear !" the King answered, "that such were beyond his power to help." The peasants complained "that scalloped and slashed clothes were worn ;" the King answered, "that he had compelled none to do so ; but he did not choose that they should dictate to him how he was to dress his courtiers ; he might follow the customs of other princes if he pleased." With such replies, most often serious and instructive, but sometimes pleasant, they were obliged this time to content themselves.

We shall look with eagerness for the continuation of this interesting history, whose subject will be a sufficient introduction of it to book-buyers and book-clubs.

PHILOSOPHY.

Can Woman Regenerate Society? London, 1845.
Parker.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has somewhere in his novels observed, that "women walk more by what others say, than by what they think themselves." This is a great truth, and in it is contained one of the causes which make woman inferior, or *seemingly* inferior, to man. She has been taught mischievous lessons, and with an easy indifference believed them. She has been schooled in a false philosophy, and allowing the reason of her mind to rust unused, as the purest gold becomes discoloured in its casket, has sunk below the level of her natural capacity, and has been a follower, when she should have been an equal—a dependent when she should have been a guide. The book before us has been written by a woman—and we presume an unmarried one; but it would be acceptable even though less excellent as a composition, since it comes as an echo to the oft-repeated question—Can woman regenerate society?

Undoubtedly she can, and does; nor has a moment in the world's history passed by in which woman has not carried on the work of regeneration. Even without her knowledge of the fact she does it; for where is there a mother who does not teach her little prattling babe some portion of truth, some precept of kindness, some hatred of vice? Thus her most imperfect teachings of good will be heard again when the child has glided into the man, for whatever good has been sown in the innocent mind will more or less blossom there. Even supposing that mind to grow hard and callous in its contact with the world, yet the virtue it has been taught will occasionally gush out, by an unerring law of reaction, as did the waters from the rock in the wilderness. Hence we assert that woman has always been an agent of regeneration, but what we further require of her is, that her agency may be more extended. But before she can become all that we wish her to be, and all that she *should* be to others, she must regenerate herself. She would be but a sorry philosopher to profess to instruct nations, and yet be ignorant of her own organization. She would be a mere professional mountebank to pretend to cure a patient of consumption, and herself be wasting and perishing by the disease. On this subject our author observes:—

From the time that woman can speak, and becomes conscious of her own identity, she is so incessantly told of the marked difference that there must be between her thoughts and actions, and those of man, that by dint of sheer training she is made to believe that she has received a more fragile nature, and is made of gentler, though inferior stuff to him; a sort of pretty ware, easily broken or scratched, while he is of strong clay, a species of Dutch delf, able to stand rough encounter, and in its stability and strength to endure the tear and wear which it is sure to meet. Yet woman thus daintily nurtured, and filled with such fantastic notions of beauty, delicacy, and gentleness, to such a degree, that she dare scarcely chide save in a whisper, is thrown into this vulgar every-day world, to struggle, literally, in the best way she can, with all the coarse delf creatures she meets, and where she is speedily bewildered, if not lost.

It is to enable woman to support herself in this too real strife, that there ought to be some change made in her habit of regarding herself; not that she should descend from her elevation, but that she may look to its foundation, and see whether it has any, or if it be broad and deep. But let her beware of merely fancying any thing—let her exert her understanding, and become morally great in action as well as in words—and further, she must be wise too, as well as good, or she is but partially great.

All lovers of progression must regret with us the scanty and niggardly education of woman. She is fettered by useless customs, and trammelled by foolish habits. Too often in boarding-schools she is frittered away by tyrannical fashion into a mere conventional machine, deficient alike of self-will and self-reliance; or, if she escape this, instead of a faulty education she is blessed with none; her home, a hut; her academy, a factory; her instructor, poverty. How, then, is woman fitted to perform the duties of a mother, and to give her children a correct and ennobling education? Yet it is from this source that the regeneration of mankind must spring. Only from the improvement in the training of childhood can we date the improvement of society. Both the moral and the intellectual are mutually dependent in a great degree on physical training, and yet woman is about as ignorant on this subject as Sancho Panza was of the duties imposed upon a king. But such is the false delicacy with which the age is

cursed, that woman dare not read or hear discourses on human organization, unless she be prepared to be thought *unwomanly*. We have ourselves seen women shrink from a lecture on animal physiology as if they had heard the hiss of a serpent.

Our author is very eloquent on this subject. She says:—

Married women should be strong minded, as well as strong bodied, for they are often called upon to perform herculean tasks, both mentally and physically. It is a deplorable sight to see a fragile creature, weak both and body and mind, the mother of a family, poor and feeble beings like herself, who appear as if every wind would annihilate them, or the rays of the sun sear them to death; to see her all day reclining listlessly on a couch, scarcely able to bear the sound of a door shutting or opening; her little effigies compelled to steal like mice from one place to another, lest the sound of their tiny feet should unstring her nerves! Further, how painful is it to see a man of diseased and worn-out constitution marrying and becoming the parent who bequeaths to his offspring pain and suffering, indeed not unfrequently an early grave. Such evils are even worse than disunity of mind on the part of the parents, which might with a little trouble be in some degree amended, by forbearance on both sides, and which concerns chiefly the married couple themselves; but who can make the crooked straight, or the radically diseased healthy? Disease thus transmitted to others becomes a double misfortune, since we know how materially the state of our corporeal frame affects our mind, and how much our pleasure in life depends upon a sound constitution.

Such passages as we have quoted will not be read unprofitably. One evil to which woman is subjected, or to which she subjects herself, is, that she is too much a creature of privacy.

If we remember correctly it was PERICLES who said, in addressing the wives of those slain in the Peloponnesian war, "You will not, I trust, be worse than nature made you. You will recollect that your duty is retirement, and that your greatest honour is to be neither talked of nor known beyond the society of your own household." The maxim of PERICLES has been a favourite one to the present day, but we hold it a pernicious one. Nature, it is true, has intended woman for the domestic hearth—but only *partly* so. True it is that she should make home an empire of living brilliancy, filling it with her affections; but *beyond* the threshold of her cottage, or her palace, there is a wide world that nature also intended she should half fill. It is this cuckoo word "retirement" that has prevented woman walking hand in hand with the working philanthropist.

Who can read without a shudder the reports of those who have lately made inquiry into the state of the morals and education of the lower classes of the people? has woman nothing to do with this? Ought she to sit with folded hands when she knows that such misery, such fearful degradation, exist in the heart of her country? Where are the famed homes of merry England?—where the groups of happy children? Mothers are become poisoners of infants—fathers murderers of their children! and still we boast of our morality! Let woman be dumb about her influence, so long as such a brutal state of things exists, or let her actions leave no time for idle declamation; for certain it is, if she were willing, she might do something more than lead the fashion, or discuss the merits of a "modiste," whose pale-faced assistants are victimized by dozens, for a trumpery show. We can scarce have faith in that feeling which finds no outlet in actions.

In drawing woman from her retirement we have no thought of making her a wrangling politician, or an ascetic philosopher. Neither are we so ungallant or so silly as to assert that she should become an Amazon, a drill sergeant, or a plumed officer, although GOLDSMITH gravely declares her constitutionally fitted for the wild game of war. But assuredly she could add a fresh glory to the arts and the sciences without infringing on the duties of the wife or mother. We ask with our author:—

Are such pursuits, then, beyond, or within the magic circle called "the sphere of woman?" A silly phrase, which has done more harm to our sex than can well be told; since before a woman commences any undertaking, follows any branch of study, these words are rung in her ears as a warning, lest in some unguarded hour she should step without the mystic ring, beyond which she is told she can have no existence, at least no *charmed* existence. Breaking this spell, she is of course forced to become a sort of nondescript, belonging neither to one sphere nor another, and having come out of her fool's paradise, from sheer weariness, she looks around for some other resting-place, but, as it is decreed, she finds none! Such being the sad fact, no wonder that these mysterious words, spoken with the majesty of oracle, should have their effect; woman pauses in her exertions if not her wishes,

saying in a trembling voice, "How awful must it be for me to step beyond my proper sphere! How fearfully I shall be punished! I think I must wait till I find out distinctly what this sphere of mine is!"

One evil attendant on woman is that she believes herself entirely a creature of feeling. From her cradle she is taught so by her nurses, and strengthened in this opinion by poets and novelists, who, partly modelled by the age and in part modelling it, make woman hyper-sensitive, feeble, and loving—made up of tears and sighs. Sense is thus sacrificed to a romantic notion, only true in the abstract. With this notion haunting her through life, woman becomes susceptible to others equally false. Discrimination of man's truth or falsehood is forgotten in a faith in his superiority, which made CORTRON utter the doubtful compliment, "If you cannot inspire a woman with love of *you*, fill her to the brim with love of *herself*, all that runs over will be yours." Our author thinks that having no means of getting a livelihood like man induces woman to attach herself unto him.

It is said that woman cannot exist without love; that she is perpetually in search of something whereupon to lavish her affection, something to look up to, something for which to sacrifice herself, something to guide and lead and keep her out of the way of temptation! But is she not at the same time in search of something to support her? to give her food, and clothes, and fire? It is difficult to sound the depths of the heart, and women often deceive themselves as well as others upon this subject. But were the one sex allowed to maintain themselves as the other does, were they equally invested with property, equally educated, equally free from ridicule, if unmarried, equally protected by law and public opinion, we should then see less of husband-hunting than we do now, and we should be less disgusted with the affection of sensibility to impressions.

She further observes:—

It is difficult, in the present degraded state of society, to speak of friendship between persons of opposite sexes; to so low an ebb have matters come, that they can scarcely be on terms of acquaintanceship apart from the tie of matrimony, or bond of relationship. Women are so schooled about catching husbands, that the simplest species of civility from a man is converted into "particular attention," just as might be expected from those, who ever on the watch, are sure to pick up something or other which they can put to use. Thus men are terrified from the presence and society of women, by the vision of an action for "breach of promise," or there rises before them the startling question of some prudent parent, or brother, as to *intentions*, keeping them in a perpetual trepidation, rendering the intercourse between the sexes of the most restrained, artificial, and embarrassing description. This is much to be deplored; for how can young persons ever be the better of each other's society, when such a formidable barrier is raised against it? It cannot be doubted that this almost compulsory banishment of young men from the refining society of young women, is the cause of the demoralization of many of the former; since, when we are deprived of innocent and legitimate enjoyment, we are prone to seek it from sources more questionable. Many young men who have been accustomed to the society of sisters, when compelled to live at a distance from their family, perhaps in cheerless, comfortless lodgings, would most gladly cultivate an acquaintance with those of the other sex, without any thoughts of love being in their heads, were they only permitted to do so. But this is rendered next to impossible by the present artificial usages of civilized life. The more amalgamated that the male and female characters become, the more advantageous would it be for both parties; and such can be effected only through more frequent and more rational intercourse.

Young persons, many persons from twenty to seventy (so ridiculous have we become), cannot meet a few times, without some love affair being gossiped about, given out as a hint, that if they are not in love they ought to be so, or else it is very imprudent, and such other absurdity; until it has become absolutely dangerous for a Victoria shawl to say "How d'ye do?" to an Albert surtout. Were women to earn their own livelihood, or succeed to an equal inheritance of property with men, we should hear less assuredly about falling in love from them: and, on the other hand, were men somewhat occupied with higher ideas, as well as with business, less of it even from them. The necessity for women working for themselves is now, however, becoming glaringly apparent.

We have quoted largely from the book before us, because the readers of *THE CRITIC*, male and female, have an interest in the subject. But we cannot refrain from another extract.

Woman is softly named the poetry of earth; as far as outward

appearance is concerned, the appellation may not be altogether amiss, for she is fair and beautiful. But since some go beyond this, and assert that her mind is more poetical than that of her more coarsely-formed companion, are these admirers of hers able or willing to bring up facts to bear out this assertion? A great deal of nonsense is spoken about woman, which it is much to be wished were put an end to; it is to be hoped that she would willingly part with high-sounding titles and give up nonentities, for a few substantialities; nay, it is to be supposed that she would even be content to descend to the same level as her fellow-traveller, man! Woman would assuredly rather share his labours, than be raised up into the air, to rest upon clouds, through which she is perpetually falling into abysses black as midnight, and from which she is never permitted to rise. It seems to have passed into a sort of truism, that if woman is not an angel, she must be a demon: a seraph one hour, a fury the next! If we really do possess some more rarefied essence than man does, it is singular enough that it by no means serves to keep us in our aerial position, as history has given us not a few proofs that if we can ascend, we can also descend to very fearful depths.

In concluding our remarks on this subject we would observe, as an inducement for all parties to study it, that the degree of excellence acquired by a people must be rated by the degree in which woman is far from, or near to, her natural position. In China, it is almost an insult, so travellers assert, to ask a man of distinction if he has daughters. In Hindostan, none but the dancing-girls and those connected with the temple are taught to read and write. England, perhaps, is behind no nation in this matter, but woman here has still much to learn and much to unlearn. She must rely on the strength of her *individual character*, for in that is the secret of her real influence—not the influence which is now permitted to her, full of sound, but "signifying nothing."

And now we dismiss this little work, assuring the author that she need not be ashamed to give to it her name, since it is creditable to her head as a composition, and more creditable to her heart as evidence of an earnest desire to benefit her sex and mankind.

BIOGRAPHY.

Passages in the Life of a Radical. By SAMUEL BAMPFORD, In 2 vols. London. Simpkin and Co.

The readers of *THE CRITIC* are aware that its practice is not to measure its notices of books by their size, or price, or the author's rank, or the publisher's patronage. The interest, novelty, or importance of their contents, is alone considered in apportioning the space to be devoted to them.

Thus viewed, the autobiography of SAMUEL BAMPFORD, although a small work of humble pretensions, will claim of us considerable attention, not only as falling under the section of our journal in which we are wont to enter upon a more ample analysis of the volumes that belong to it than on others of less general interest to the reader, but as being in itself a very curious publication, throwing great light upon a singular phase in our social history, revealing some hidden traits of the popular mind, bringing out into strong relief the character and condition of the class to which the philosophy of YOUNG ENGLAND especially devotes its cares, and abounding in matter which can scarcely fail to prove as amusing to our readers as instructive to ourselves. Without further introduction, we shall proceed at once to the biography of Mr. SAMUEL BAMPFORD.

It should be premised, however, that the main purpose of the work is to present a narrative of the most remarkable events which occurred in the manufacturing districts during the years 1816 to 1821 inclusive: incidentally, the author indulges in some sensible reflections, and he draws vivid and graphic portraits of many of the most famous personages who figured in that eventful time.

The years 1815-16 were memorable for a series of riots, occasioned by the high price of bread and the introduction of the Corn Law. In the height of the tumult, CORBETT lifted up his big manly voice, and proclaimed the cause of the public misery. His writings, says BAMPFORD, "suddenly became of great authority; they were read on nearly every cottage hearth in the manufacturing districts of South Lancashire." Their effect was wonderful; he preached moral as preferable to physical force; the storm was hushed, and, instead of destroying property, the people formed themselves into Hampden Clubs, for the purpose of procuring parliamentary reform.

In 1816, one of these clubs was established at Middleton, near Manchester; and BAMFORD, who was "a tolerable reader and an expert writer," was chosen secretary. Delegates from the surrounding districts assembled at a chapel, which they rented for their meetings. On the 1st of January, 1817, the deputies from twenty-one clubs there met, and passed resolutions declaratory of their objects, which were—universal suffrage; that no placeman or pensioner should sit in Parliament; that every 20,000 inhabitants should send a member to the House of Commons; and that talent and virtue were the only qualifications necessary. Such have been at all times very nearly the views entertained by persons of enthusiastic temperament; their error lying in the assumption that the masses have honesty to make a judicious choice.

BAMFORD avows that age and experience have done for him that which they have done with ourselves—that which they effect with every reflective mind—namely, that they have materially modified the views entertained in early youth. He has learned that the improvement of man must precede that of institutions; that reforms are worthless if the people be not morally and intellectually prepared to make a proper use of them; that "our educators are, after all, the best reformers;" and we cordially concur in every sentiment of the following passage, which is as creditable to his reason as to his feelings. We have not seen anywhere the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND more distinctly and powerfully defined.

Still, we want something more than mere intellectuality; that is already vigorous in produce, whilst souls lie comparatively waste. The Persians of old first taught their children to speak the truth, and that was a wise beginning; but, like the embalming of the Egyptians, lost to the present day. The young mothers of England, and the anxious fathers should do more—they should give life to the souls of their offspring, and encourage and strengthen, as well as comfort their young hearts. Their constant lesson should be, "With thy whole soul love and support whatsoever is right. With thy whole soul hate and oppose whatsoever is wrong. Fear not any thing, save the contamination of sin." The schoolmaster might then finish the intellect; and the spirit of him who said "Father, forgive them," should be invoked to shed its dove-like mercy over all. Education so grounded and built upon would bring us hearts, and brave ones too, brimful of nobleness and truth; and heads to work any thing requisite for their country. Intellect neglected may be repaired, but a soul once in ruin nothing human can restore.

He now considers that annual parliaments would be a curse to the country.

BAMFORD was elected delegate to a meeting appointed to be held at the Crown and Anchor in London. Thither he proceeded, and was there first introduced to a personage who fills a large space in the domestic annals of that era.

HENRY HUNT.

He was gentlemanly in his manner and attire; six feet and better in height, and extremely well formed. He was dressed in a blue lapelled coat, light waistcoat and kersyes, and topped boots; his leg and foot were about the firmest and neatest I ever saw. He wore his own hair; it was in moderate quantity, and a little grey. His features were regular, and there was a kind of youthful blandness about them which, in amicable discussion, gave his face a most agreeable expression. His lips were delicately thin and receding; but there was a dumb utterance about them which in all the portraits I have seen of him was never truly copied. His eyes were blue or light grey—not very clear nor quick, but rather heavy; except, as I afterwards had opportunities for observing, when he was excited in speaking, at which times they seemed to distend and protrude; and if he worked himself furious, as he sometimes would, they became blood-streaked, and almost started from their sockets. Then it was that the expression of his lip was to be observed—the kind smile was exchanged for the curl of scorn, or the curse of indignation. His voice was bellowing; his face swollen and flushed; his gripped hand beat as if it were to pulverize; and his whole manner gave token of a painful energy, struggling for utterance.

At the meeting he first saw

WILLIAM COBBETT.

I had not seen him before. Had I met him anywhere save in that room and on that occasion, I should have taken him for a gentleman farming his own broad estate. He seemed to have that kind of self-possession and ease about him, together with a certain bantering jollity, which are so natural to fast-handed and well-housed lords of the soil. He was, I should suppose, not less than six feet in height; portly, with a fresh, clear, and round

cheek, and a small grey eye, twinkling with good-humoured archness. He was dressed in a blue coat, yellow swansdown waistcoat, drab kersye small-clothes, and top boots. His hair was grey, and his cravat and linen were fine, and very white. In short he was the perfect representation of what he always wished to be—an English gentleman farmer.

The delegates visited Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, and were received with a degree of *hauteur* by no means in accordance with their notions of a democrat; the Baronet promised, however, to support universal suffrage.

While in town he attended many of the club meetings, and he describes them as sufficiently dull; every place abounded with spies, and it was by these wretches that violence was urged; whatever unlawful acts were planned, were prompted and encouraged by those who were present purposely hired to provoke the crime which they afterwards brought to punishment.

Our autobiographer obtained a place in the gallery of the House of Commons, during the debate on the report of the Green Bag Committee. Its aspect was then very much as now it is.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN '17.

Canning, with his smooth, bare, and capacious forehead, sat there, a spirit beaming in its looks like that of the leopard waiting to spring upon his prey. Castlereagh, with his handsome but immovable features—Burke, with his head carried back, and held high as in defiance—and Brougham, with his Arab soul, ready to rush forth and challenge war to all comers. The question was to me solemnly interesting, whilst the spectacle wrought strangely on my feelings. Our accusers were many and powerful, with words at will, and applauding listeners. Our friends were few and far between, with no applauders save their good conscience, and the blessings of the poor. What a scene was this to be enacted by the "collective wisdom of the nation." Some of the members stood leaning against pillars, with their hats cocked awry; some were whispering by half-dozens; others were lolling upon their seats; some, with arms akimbo, were eye-glassing across the house; some were stiffened immovably by starch, or pride, or both; one was speaking, or appeared to be so, by the motion of his arms, which he shook in token of defiance, when his voice was drowned by a howl as wild and remorseless as that from a kennel of hounds at feeding time. Now he points menacing, to the ministerial benches—now he appeals to some members on this side—then to the speaker; all in vain. At times he is heard in the pauses of that wild hubbub, but again he is borne down by the yell which awakes on all sides around him. Some talked aloud; some whinnied in mock laughter, coming, like that of the damned, from bitter hearts. Some called "order, order," some "question, question;" some beat time with the heel of their boots; some snorted into their napkins; and one old gentleman in the side gallery actually coughed himself from a mock cough into a real one, and could not stop until he was almost black in the face.

BROUGHAM was the orator thus treated; but even then he exhibited the same strange inconsistency which has since prostrated the influence of one who might have been the greatest man of his age. He turned to attack his friends:

Presently there was comparative silence, and I soon understood that he had let go the ministry, and now, unaccountable as it seemed to me, had made a dead set at the reformers. Oh! how he did scowl towards us—contemn and disparage our best actions and wound our dearest feelings! Now stealing near our hearts with words of wonderful power, flashing with bright wit and happy thought; anon like a reckless wizard changing pleasant sunbeams into clouds, "rough with black winds and storms," and vivid with the cruellest shafts. Then was he listened to as if not a pulse moved—then was he applauded to the very welkin. And he stood in the pride of his power, his foes before him subdued but spared—his friends, derided and disclaimed—and his former principles sacrificed to "low ambition," and the vanity of such a display as this.

On his return to Middleton, the great Blanket Meeting was planned, much against his advice. The scheme was for the working people to march to London, each with his blanket, for the purpose of sleeping in the fields. About 5,000 met in St. Peter's field, but were dispersed by the military; 300, however, left the meeting and began their march to the metropolis. They were joined by a few stragglers as they went, but the expedition was speedily terminated. One day sufficed for their dispersion.

A body of yeomanry soon afterwards followed those simple-minded men, and took possession of the bridge at Stockport. Many

then turned back to their homes ; a body of them crossed the river below, and entered Cheshire ; several received sabre wounds, and one man was shot dead on Lancashire hill. Of those who persisted in their march it is only necessary to say, that they arrived at nine o'clock at night in the market-place at Macclesfield, being about one hundred and eighty in number. Some of them lay out all night, and took the earliest dawn to find their way home. Some were well lodged and hospitably entertained by friends ; some paid for quarters, and some were quartered in prison. Few were those who marched the following morning. About a score arrived at Leek, and six only were known to pass Ashbourne bridge. And so ended the blanket expedition !

Then commenced the practice of paying orators to attend the meetings, and the consequences were such as might have been anticipated. There was a rivalry of excitement. The wildest doctrines received the largest pay. From that moment all moral power appears to have deserted the well-intentioned but misguided people.

The *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended, and the consequences were such as will, we trust, deter any Government from resorting to a similar measure save in the last extremity. Universal distrust prevailed. "Private revenge or political differences were gratified by secret and often false information handed to the police." Among the rest, BAMFORD was denounced and was compelled to fly from his home in company of a quack doctor called HEALEY.

Their adventures in their wanderings are very amusing. At Holcombe they entered a public-house for refreshment ; they found the landlady's daughter writhing under the tooth-ache. Doctor HEALEY offered to extract the offending tooth. BAMFORD left the room to avoid the spectacle. On his return he found his companion lying on the floor with the fragments of a cream-jug about him ; the patient having spit out two teeth instead of one. It appeared that in her fright the girl had given the doctor kick in the side which had caused the instrument to slip and sent himself to flounder on the floor. The landlady threatened to send for the constable, but the doctor neatly restored the sound tooth and paid for the broken jug and spilt milk, and they were permitted to depart in peace.

It was dark when they entered Bury. Deeming it dangerous to remain there, they passed through the town and entered some lanes on the other side. Here they met with this very

SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Proceeding cautiously, for the road was crooked and uneven, we came to the verge of the wood where two roads lay before us ; and we were considering which to take, when the light of a lanthorn flashed close upon us, and we asked the person who bore it (a woman) where the two roads led to. She was low in stature, with an old red cloak thrown over her shoulders, and a handkerchief, tied hood-like, around her head and face. She held the light up to Healey as he stood next to her, and looked at him steadfastly, and I had an opportunity for observing that she was considerably aged. Some thin locks of grey hair were streaming in the wind and flapping across her face ; her eyebrows were expansive and grey ; and her two quick dark eyes, set in wrinkles, seemed peculiarly brilliant for her age. Her face was furrowed and brown ; her features had been regular, perhaps handsome, but now appeared careworn and anxious ; and her teeth were still even and white. She evidently had not been a market-woman, as she had not either bundle or basket, but held a stick, on which she leaned, in one hand, and the lanthorn in the other. "Good mother," said Healey, "weer dun thesee two roads lyed too?" "To mony places i' this ward," she replied, "an' mayhap some ith' tother. This," pointing to the left, "lyeds to th' Frogg-hole, an' Yep-fowd, an' Yeddy-hill, on th' Top o' Yep ; an' that," pointing to the one before us, "lyeds to th' Hollins, an' th' Cathole, an' th' Castle, an' Thurston-fowd. But weer dun yo' want to goo too," she asked, "o'er sitch a wilder country, an' sitch o' neet as this?" We said we were strangers, but if we could find Whittle or Bowlee we should be right. "Follow me then," she said ; and immediately stepped out at a pace which we little expected. Healey followed close after the lanthorn, now making an observation more free than wise ; now asking questions, some of which must have sounded mysteriously to our guide. "Yore no meety good uns, I dare say," she muttered. "Yore as like excisemen, as owt 'at I ever seed." Healey seemed wishful to humour the supposition, and asked if there were any hush-shops in that part of the country ? She turned round, thrust the light's full glare close to his face, and with a furious voice and gesture, said—"hush, foo ; keep the secret ; iv I dunno' tell the theaw winno' know." That moment lanthorn and lanthorn bearer disappeared, and the next there was a crash and a plash ! Healey had fallen through a hedge, down

a steep bank, and into the channel of a brook. I should have followed him, but saved myself from going over by clasping a young tree, by which I held ; whilst, stooping down, I got hold of my companion, and he was again safely landed.

The hag had vanished. In some perturbation of spirit they took refuge in a distant public house, and were scarcely seated when the identical old woman entered and denounced them as "excisemen ! informers !" telling how she had met them on the road, led them to the ditch, and hidden her lanthorn under her cloak just as they reached the brink, so that one of them marched right into it. The furious company were about to inflict summary punishment upon the supposed officials, when they were saved by the interference of a poacher, who recognized their persons and procured for them respect instead of blows.

At length BAMFORD returned to his humble abode late on a cold dark night. How charming is this picture of

THE WEAVER'S HOME.

Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in his heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shews we are in a weaving-room, clean and flagged, and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman, of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe ; with light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look, sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean swept hearth and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother.

Observe the room and its furniture. A humble but cleanly bed, screened by a dark old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all street-passers. Next are some chairs, and a round table of mahogany ; then another chair, and next it a long table, secured very white. Above that is a looking-glass with a picture on each side, of the Resurrection and Ascension on glass, "copied from Rubens." A well-stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object, and in a nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk, or box to match ; and lastly, above the fireplace, are hung a rusty basket-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leather cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode.—But my wife !

"She look'd ; she redd'n'd like the rose ;
Syne, pale as on lily."

Ah ! did they hear the throb of my heart, when they sprung to embrace me ? my little love child to my knees, and my wife to my bosom.

Who, after reading this, will not sympathize with the respect and regard which YOUNG ENGLAND feels for the labouring men of Britain ? Are not such as these worthy the care of legislators ? Are not they veritable MEN deserving to be treated as men ? Is there not in such *hearts* as these material which, linked to the other classes by ties of mutual *respect* and love, might make our glorious isle the *happiest*, as she is the richest, spot upon God's earth ? Have we not here the seeds of purest piety and truest religion, and all the loftiest virtues of the soul, which, rightly cultivated, will spring up an abundant harvest ? If the task of YOUNG ENGLAND be arduous, great will be our reward.

The delight of this re-union with his family was dearly purchased. On the 29th of March he was arrested and committed to Manchester gaol, the merchant princes of that town huzzing as their poor victims were borne past them to their prison. Such was England ! Thank God, it is not so now ! Very different is the spirit of the *new* generation from that which is passing away.

My cell was the first on the second floor, on the left side of the governor's office, and I thought they had shut me in there to have a quick eye and ear upon me. The dungeon was as compact as if cut from solid rock ; and the floors and wall, like all that I had seen, were unexceptionable with regard to cleanliness. It was of an oblong form, probably about nine feet in length, by five in width ; the door was at one end, and a window of a half circle in form, was at the other : it was unglazed, but by a careful forethought against any accidental tumbling out, by sleep-walkers, or others, it was provided with a cross net work of massive iron bars. There were also a couple of wooden shutters inside, which the occupant might close when he had no wish for the free winds to come with their visits of mock condolment, or to catch a glimpse of the moon and her glorious children, to re-

mind him of some one at home, and her clustering brood around her. On each side of the cell, close to the wall, stood a narrow bed on cross legs; and beneath the window was a stone ledge, which might serve for a seat, or a step to get up to the window shutters.

On the following morning the prisoners were heavily ironed, and despatched by coach to London, to be examined by the Privy Council; to which let us at once introduce the reader.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

The room was a large one, and grandly furnished, according to my notions of such matters. Two large windows with green blinds, and rich curtains, opened upon a richer curtain of nature, some trees, which were in beautiful leaf. The chimney-piece was of carved marble, and on the table were many books; and several persons sat there assiduously writing, whilst others fixed attentive looks upon me. I was motioned to advance to the bottom of the table, and did so; and the gentleman who sat at the head of the table, said I was brought there by virtue of a warrant issued by him, in consequence of my being suspected of high treason—that I should not be examined at that time, but must be committed to close confinement until that day se'nnight, when I should again be brought up for examination. Meantime, if I had any thing to say on my own behalf, or any request to make, I was at liberty to do so; but I must observe, they did not require me to say any thing.

The person who addressed me was a tall, square, and bony figure, upwards of fifty years of age, I should suppose; and with thin and rather grey hair: his forehead was broad and prominent, and from their cavernous orbits looked mild and intelligent eyes. His manner was affable, and much more encouraging to freedom of speech than I had expected. On his left sat a gentleman whom I never made out; and next him again was Sir Samuel Shepherd, the attorney-general, I think, for the time; who frequently made use of an ear trumpet. On Lord Sidmouth's right, for such was the gentleman who had been speaking to me, sat a good-looking person in a plum-coloured coat, with a gold ring on the small finger of his left hand, on which he sometimes leaned his head as he eyed me over: this was Lord Castlereagh.

His colleague occasioned considerable merriment.

On the doctor being asked how he spelled his surname, he answered in broad Lancashire—"Haitch, hay, ha, l, hay, y" (H, e, a, l, e, y); but the pronunciation of the e and a being different in London, there was some boggling about reducing the name to writing, and a pen and paper were handed to him. The doctor knew that his *forte* lay not in feats of penmanship any more than in spelling; and to obviate any small embarrassment on that account, he pulled out an old pocket-book, and took from it one of his prescription labels, on which the figures of a pestle and mortar were imposed from a rudely engraved plate, and these words, "JOSEPH HEALEY, SURGEON, MIDDLETON. PLEASE TAKE — TABLE SPOONFULS OF THIS MIXTURE EACH — HOURS." This he handed to Lord Sidmouth, who, as may be supposed, received it graciously, looked it carefully over, smiled, and read it again, and passed it round the council-table. Presently they were all tittering, and the doctor stood quite delighted at finding them such a set of merry gentlemen. The fact was, the first blank had been originally filled with a figure of two: "Plase take 2 Table Spoonfuls," &c.; but some mischievous wag had inserted two cyphers after the figure, and made it read "200 Table Spoonfuls of this mixture each 2 hours."

They were committed to Newgate, and at the appointed time brought again before the august body, and made their statements, but were not questioned.

On the 16th of April they were brought up again. BAMPFORD was remanded; all the others were committed for trial, and dispersed to different gaols.

Many affecting prison-scenes are narrated, for which we must refer the reader to the work itself. Suffice it, that after several remands, BAMPFORD was ultimately liberated on his own recognizances, and hastened to his home.

But tranquillity was no tto be his portion. His colleagues returned from their prisons, and one of them accused him of having betrayed them.

In the following year, the Habeas Corpus Act having been restored, the agitation for Reform was renewed. BAMPFORD attended at many meetings, but always urging the prosecution of their desires by means strictly legal. He first suggested the formation of female political unions, and the admission of females to vote at the meetings.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

Elective Polarity the Universal Agent. By FRANCES BARBARA BURTON, Author of "Astronomy Familiarized," &c. London, 1843. Simpkin and Co.

"ASTRONOMICAL calculations prove that *twelve thousand five hundred years ago* Vega, the alpha star in the constellation Lyra, was the north polar star of the earth." Such is the opening of this volume, which is directed to the inquiry "whether analogy may not be traced between the period of these gigantic organizations, and that wherein a star of 'Vega's' —*polariæ intensity*—poured its magnetic streams throughout the earth's planet?" this hypothesis being grounded on that which the authoress affirms to be "the fundamental principle of all nature's operations, namely, *rotatory oscillation*." On this principle it is assumed that the organizations, as well as the *climates* of the earth, are regulated by the instrumentality of its polar revolutions.

We cannot attempt, within the bounds assigned by the nature of such a work as THE CRITIC, to follow the ingenious writer through the illustrations of her hypothesis, to which she devotes the remainder of this volume. Seeing the symmetry of nature, and how at some past time there was evidently a different race of beings from that now existing, she fairly assumes that there must have been equal differences in the condition of our planet. These changes she considers to have been brought about by the elective polarity which gradually shifts the pole of the earth, altering its position with respect to the rest of the solar system; and this she supposes to be connected with the entire magnetic machinery of the universe. She speculates largely on the probable results of the gradual changes still in progress, even to indicating what portion of our globe will be the emporium of Northern Hemisphere greatness and civilization, under the next *maximum forces* of Vega.

Whatever may be thought of the probability of this hypothesis, there will be no question as to its ingenuity, and especially proceeding from one of the sex not usually trained to the exercise of thought. We can recommend the volume to the curious in science, as one that will stimulate reflection and inquiry, if it does not in itself materially enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Three Years in Constantinople; or, Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1844. By CHARLES WHITE, Esq. Three Volumes. Colburn.

MANY travellers have told us of Turkey. Historians have recorded its ancient prowess, and bards have sung the beauty of its women, and the glories of its scenery. What are Mr. WHITE's pretensions for an attempt further to enlighten the world on such a subject? simply that he feels he has something to communicate. Learned dissertations, and philosophic arguments, accounts of antiquities and imaginative suppositions, are not now *alone* sufficient to satisfy our locomotive countrymen. They like to sit by the fire-side in winter and travel in fancy, communing not only with the author, but also with whom he communes—seeing what he sees—hearing what he hears, and feeling what he feels. The tourist must transfer his impressions to the reader so vividly that he may almost dream them to be his own. Such must he be who now would successfully appeal to the reading public. Plain fact must be communicated; *tête à tête* gossip will be acceptable. Let us see how far Mr. WHITE has acquitted himself of his task in accordance with the requisition.

Turkish manners and people are the main objects attempted to be delineated. Minute particulars of mosques and minarets, caves and aqueducts, are left for the antiquary and historian. A residence of three years in Constantinople has given the author an opportunity of making intimate acquaintance with the Turkish people, and he proves himself not to have walked about there with his eyes closed. The domestic manners of the inhabitants of Stamboul, their institutions, and their social condition, are painted in turn; but here Mr. WHITE errs somewhat; he falls into the mistake of being too particular, inflicting on us a precise account of almost every article of furniture for indulgence, or in every-day

use among the natives; even the origin and mode of producing these *minutiae* are detailed. Some may be inclined to hold this preferable to the vague scene-painting of ordinary travellers; but the way to avoid one fault is not to rush into its opposite.

We had lulled ourselves into the belief that *Animal Magnetism* is comparatively unknown out of our own little island and the Continent; yet, in almost the beginning of these volumes, we find the following. What else can we designate the anecdote than

MESMERISM IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

I chanced one day to witness the ceremonies performed by the magnetizer in the bezestan, which were accompanied by some gesticulations similar to those employed by our more civilized, but, perhaps, less honest charlatans. Being occupied in cheapening some articles from the varied assortment of old weapons and antique curiosities displayed at Ibrahim Effendi's shop, I was interrupted by the approach of an Arab, ill-favoured and one-eyed, attired in a red beish and broad white turban, followed by a sickly negress. After the customary salutations of peace and welcome, the Arab observed that the fame of Ibrahim's skill was the theme of general wonder at the khan where he lodged, and that he had come to consult him. To this the other replied with a compliment and renewed welcome, and the Arab then stated that the slave, at his heels was certainly possessed of a devil, or under the influence of witchcraft; that, from a lively intelligent lass, she had become sullen, indolent, and refractory, and that neither kindness nor correction produced any effect upon her. After detailing sundry other symptoms, all tending to prove that the master of evil had taken up his abode in the girl's bosom, the Arab ended by inquiring if the Effendi could work a cure.

This was to question the existence of the very science itself, therefore Ibrahim set aside the article with which he was tempting our poor purse, slipped several beads of his tesbih (rosary) through his fingers, and, with a gentle affirmative motion of his head, replied, "Inshallah!" To this the Arab responded with a similar exclamation; and the negress was then thrust forward by her proprietor. Being seated upon his shopboard, elevated about three feet above the pavement, Ibrahim was enabled to operate without the trouble of displacing himself. The neighbours and passing crowds, either through decorum or familiarity with these performances, averted their heads, or paid no attention, so that I and my Armenian companion were the only observers.

The operation commenced by Ibrahim Effendi looking steadfastly during some seconds at the negress's downcast eyes, as she stood silent and motionless before him. Then slowly waving his hands in circles across her forehead, chest, and abdomen, in order to dispel malignant vapours, he placed them upon her shoulders, and uttered the teshehhid (profession of faith). He then spat to the right and left, to ward off any evil eye that might be peering upon his patient, and, bending forward, whispered in her ear one of the last chapters of the Kooran, specially directed against demons and witches. After this, he blew twice over each shoulder to drive away the foul spirit, in case it might have issued from her ears.

A pause then ensued, during which the negress trembled, and became as pallid as it was possible for one of her colour. This was natural. The weather was intensely cold, the poor girl was thinly clad, evidently ill fed, and suffering from illness and harsh treatment. Presently the operator again slowly raised and waved his hands to and fro, both horizontally and vertically, and then extended them before him, as if they represented an open book, in the same manner as it is customary during certain portions of daily prayer. Having rapidly muttered a few invocations, he drew a small agate-handled knife from his girdle, and, applying the point successively to the girl's eyebrows and chest with his left hand, he gently tapped the other extremity with the forefinger of the right, in order to transfix the demon. He then drew the edge repeatedly across her bosom, forehead, cheeks, back, and sides, for the purpose of dissecting him. This being terminated, he carefully wiped the blade and returned it to the sheath.

During the latter process the negress became much agitated. She gasped for breath. Her chest was disturbed by nervous cramps and rumbling sounds. Tears streamed from her eyes, and she at last opened her mouth with a loud hysterical sob. At this moment the demon deemed it prudent to escape. Such at least was the apparent belief of all three, as there was a simultaneous exclamation of "Mashallah!" (God's will be done), from master and slave, and of "Schuker Allah!" (thanks to God) from the operator; who added, in a half-whisper, "She is cured! It has departed, and, probably, entered the mouth of this unbeliever."

Ibrahim Effendi terminated his operations by drawing from his bosom a small piece of bezoor stone. From this he scraped a

little powder, wrapped it in a piece of paper, on which he wrote half a dozen words, and gave it to the negress with instructions for its employment. The Arab then put down two piastres, and a fine head of cauliflower, as the fee; and having invoked constant health and increase upon the magnetizer's head, he and his slave departed.

Descending from this lofty sphere to a more homely theme, we alight on this recipe for making

A DISH OF COFFEE IN TURKEY.

The mode of preparing coffee is simple. The bruised or ground beans are thrown into a small brass or copper saucépan; sufficient water, scalding hot, is poured upon them; and after being allowed to simmer for a few seconds, the liquid is poured into small cups, without refining or straining. Persons unaccustomed to this mode of making coffee find it unpalatable. Those who have overcome the first introduction prefer it to that made after the French fashion, whereby the aroma is lost or deteriorated. A well-made cup of good Turkish coffee is indeed the most delectable beverage that can be well imagined; being grateful to the senses and refreshingly stimulant to the nerves. Those who have long resided in the East can alone estimate its merits.

The account of boating on the Bosphorus is very interesting. So well supplied are the Turks with fish, that the inhabitants of fresh water they totally disregard. Public executions are here contemplated with a feeling of horror not less than that evinced on similar occasions by the more sensible inhabitants of other European countries. It seems strange that the *fish-market* is the recognized Newgate at Constantinople. How repugnant to every true Christian must be this account of

TRADING IN EXECUTIONS.

Before quitting the subject of executions, it may be observed that it is a common practice of the police underlings to speculate upon these occurrences, especially when the death-place is selected at Pera and Galata, as is customary when it is directed that the criminal shall suffer opposite to the spot or house where the crime has been committed. Knowing the natural aversion of all persons, especially of Christians, to executions taking place before their doors, and their still greater repugnance to the subsequent exposure of the body, one of the policemen walks forward, and, standing before the front of the nearest respectable shop, takes care to disclose his errand. This generally produces the desired effect; the shopkeeper opens his purse, and slips some piasters into the man's hand. No words are interchanged, but the cavaß pockets the bribe, and moves to another place. Here, perhaps, the same ceremony is repeated, and so on half a dozen times, until some indifferent person shuts his door and his purse, and the culprit having arrived, the execution takes place.

This sometimes is succeeded by a stratagem; the individual who is thus made the involuntary neighbour of a headless trunk waits until dark; he then watches the turn of the sentinel, if there be one at hand, and quickly dragging the body and head to some neighbour's door, thus liberates himself from the inconvenience. If the neighbour chance to discover what has happened, he also steals cautiously out of doors, and renews the operation, until at length day dawns, and friends are permitted to carry off the remains for interment, or the police, strapping them upon the back of a porter, convey them to the water edge, place them in a boat, and cast them into the Bosphorus. This is a revolting process, which demands reform.

From a man of such keen observation as Mr. WHITE, and with such tact for noting fleeting occurrences, we might look for a few pithy reflections by way of variety. Not without its moral is this

TIMELY REBUKE.

Finding that the troops suffered much inconvenience from the sun, he sent for the Sheikh Islam to Beglerbey Palace. As soon as the venerable Mufti was announced, Mahmoud placed himself, with his back to a lofty southern window, through which the midday beams poured with scorching heat. The Mufti having entered and made his obeisance, Mahmoud, derogating from custom, bade him be seated upon a low stool immediately opposite, and then commenced a lengthened conversation. The sun, meantime, darted its burning rays on the Mufti's face; so that, in order to screen himself, he raised first one hand and then the other, accompanying this act of self-defence by sundry bodily contortions. "Allah! Allah!" exclaimed the Sultan, "what is the matter? You are ill: or is the sight of the Sultan painful to you? Why conceal your eyes? The Padishah is not a basilisk." "Astaghfarullah! (God forbid!) The shadow of God is light and life to his slave," rejoined the half-broiled Mufti. "Well, then, what ails you?" asked Mahmoud, enjoying the joke extremely. "Ah, ah, Mufty," continued he, "you are

waxing old; you have worn out your strength in the Sultan's service. Repose is necessary for you." "God forbid, God forbid!" rejoined the Sheikh Islam, taking this as a hint of approaching dismissal; "God forbid, O Glory of the Universe! I am as a young lion. Inshallah! the Sultan's servant will serve him many years;" and so saying, he endeavoured to sit tranquilly.

But the heat soon became irresistible; and at last he sank overpowered upon the floor. The Mabainjee and attendants having hastened to his assistance and revived him, he was removed to a seat in the shade. Then Mahmoud, fixing his penetrating eyes upon the old man, said, "Now, Musty, what have you to say against the Infidel fronts to the fez? You, who are as 'a young lion,' and sitting under the shadow of our presence, you have been unable to look the sun in the face. How dare you thus object to my poor soldiers' eyes being screened? Away, away! I see that I eat no more dirt on this subject. Go!" The Musty, utterly confounded at this stratagem, withdrew; and within forty-eight hours there appeared a firman permitting the addition of peaks to the fez.

Our ladies will be amused to learn that the dress of Turkish women is becoming every day more simple, and, therefore, less costly. Chintzes and cottons have supplanted the former costly stuffs and silks. For this revolution fashion is blamed to a certain degree, but the primary cause is stated to be, that "a vast portion of the wealth of the capital has passed into the coffers of the Armenians," who "do not scruple to adorn their persons in a manner commensurate with their riches."

An interesting account is given of the origin of the different crafts, whose members supply the community with culinary and other ordinary implements of domestic service. Thus ADAM is supposed to have been the first tailor, builder, sawyer, and writing-master. EVE was the first bathing-woman; and CAIN the first grave-digger. SETH invented buttons and the art of stapling wool. ENOCH was the first weaver, and NOAH, of course, the first sailor. ABRAHAM, according to this doctrine of pedigrees, was a milkman; and JOSEPH invented watches, and ZIL KEPL ovens. The Psalmist is said to have been a blacksmith and furrier, and DAVID, to the quality of an interpreter joined the trade of an armourer. SOLOMON made the first baskets; JEREMIAH was the patron of surgeons; JONAH was a fishmonger; and, to crown all, the angel GABRIEL is believed to have made the first aprons, and the Queen of Sheba used the first pocket-handkerchief.

The ignorant condition of the population will be further evidenced by this extract:—

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

Upon an average, the number of Turkish ladies that can read is much less than those of Pera or the Fanar: but those who can read among the former never open a bad book; while among the latter there is scarcely one that ever reads a good work, unless it be the Catechism or Breviary upon certain forced occasions. Of what advantage is it, then, to read or write, if the principal use made of the acquirement be to run over trashy collections of degenerate novels? Or of what benefit is the pen, when it is rarely employed for other purposes than those which neither tend to morality nor domestic happiness? It may also be observed, that, while neither Greek nor Armenian women occupy themselves with literature, Constantinople can boast of more than one female author. Among the most celebrated of these is Laila Khanum, niece to the above-mentioned Izett Mollah. Her poems are principally satirical; and she is held in great dread by her sex, who tremble at her cutting pen. Her divan has been printed, and amounts to three volumes. Laila Khanum is also famed for her songs, which are set to music, and highly popular. Hassena Khanum, wife of the Hekim Bashy, is likewise renowned for the purity and elegance of her style as a letter-writer. This entitles her to the appellation of the Turkish Sevigne.

Mr. WHITE has endeavoured to do justice to Turkey by dissipating the crude ideas afloat respecting the extent to which polygamy is practised in that country. It is not nearly so prevalent as is generally believed. He however hints that the chief causes which deter from its indulgence are, amongst the poor, the attendant expense, and, among the rich, its inconveniences. This certainly argues not well for the morality of the country.

POLYGAMY IN TURKEY.

Minute attention is paid to all points of etiquette, and the utmost impartiality is observed in the distribution of presents or other marks of favour, in order to obviate jealousies. For,

although the Sultan is never approached by these ladies without the humblest demonstrations of deference, even, as it is admitted, to their entering the imperial couch at the foot, his Majesty is nevertheless subject to frequent explosions of ill-humour, during the intervals of which the little artifices of tears, poutings, tender reproaches, and hysterics are not spared. Although slaves, for they are never manumitted, unless they become *de jure* free, as Validas, their claims upon the Sultan's attentions are the same as those of married women, in the few private families where there are more than one legal wife. I say few—because it is an incontestable fact, that polygamy in the capital does not amount to five per cent. It is rarely met with save among the richest and most powerful functionaries; and even then plurality of wives is an exception. To argue, therefore, that polygamy is one of the main causes of stationary population, is to argue upon false data and erroneous premises.

The progressive strength of populations depends upon the multiplication of the middling and lower classes, and among them polygamy is most unusual. It suits neither their inclinations nor their means. No, it is to the deplorable custom of counteracting the generous efforts of nature by swallowing deleterious drugs, calculated to destroy infant life in the germ—to the over-frequent use of debilitating baths—to unwholesome food—to the ravages of contagious maladies—and above all to the system of drugging so large a portion of the adult population to serve and perish in the ranks—and not to the abuse, or even to the practice of polygamy, that the limited increase of Turkish families may chiefly be ascribed.

The Kooran, while it sanctions plurality of wives, provides for equal distribution of conjugal rights. In the event of neglect on the part of husbands, wives are entitled to complain to magistrates, and to demand divorce—an application always attended to, and supported by the lady's relatives. The observance enforced on private individuals is respected by the Sultan: not because he is amenable to law, his kadians being unmarried and slaves, but because he is as desirous as other men to preserve concord in his family, and to avert frowns and ill-humour from the brows of his beautiful partners, of whom the present Sovereign has only four, although entitled to possess seven.

We must now conclude our extracts, but before taking leave of his volumes, we will tender to Mr. WHITE our thanks for having supplied a deficiency in our literature which will serve to enlighten on a subject in regard to which information has been too long wanting, and for having supplied it, too, in a very agreeable shape. Turkey, and especially Constantinople, presents a boundless field of interest, and opens up a wide arena for observation, reflection, and instruction; and we can only wonder that its manners and beauties have been so little known, described, and estimated.

Notes on Northern Africa, the Sahara and Soudan, in relation to the Ethnography, Languages, History, Political and Social Condition of those Countries. By WILLIAM B. HODGSON, late Consul of the United States, near the Regency of Tunis. New York, and London, 1844. Wiley and Putnam.

THIS pamphlet may be described as a condensed collection of the facts actually ascertained relative to Northern Africa; some extracted from the best authorities, but the greater portion gathered by the author during a long official residence at Algiers, and carefully ascertained in personal intercourse with the natives.

Mr. HODGSON's attention was mainly directed to investigation of the languages of the various nations and tribes, the other facts being introduced only incidentally, as the subject of the moment chanced to suggest them. Now, as it is the conviction of the conductors of *THE CRITIC*, derived from observation of other literary journals, that attempts at learned dissertations are worthless and out of place in the pages of periodicals, which cannot possibly devote to them more than a very restricted space, it has been our resolve from the beginning, and we have seen no reason as yet to alter it, not to occupy our columns with matter which is likely to interest but one reader in a thousand, and therefore to eschew antiquarian, philological, and such like discussions, committing them to the pages of periodicals published for their especial journalization, and wherein there is room for justice to be done to them in the treatment.

For such reasons we pass all those parts of this very learned pamphlet which investigate the languages of Northern Africa, merely informing persons whom this topic may attract, that here it is to be found, handled with extraordinary research

and acumen. We prefer to take some of the more generally interesting passages that are scattered among the learned ones.

The Proverbs of Kabyle are curious: a few of them are thus translated by Mr. HODGSON:

He who spits, bespatters his face.
Words are like the Sultan; they consume the speaker.
Bow; strike the one behind you.
Every wood has its smoke.
Give me to-day; I will give you to-morrow.
Every one says my beans are cooked better than another's.
You are like the bird of night; by day a cat, in darkness a rat.

It appears that the word *elephant* is strictly taken from the Libyan, *Elef ameran*, the big hog. Mr. HODGSON is of opinion that the Foulahs, a warlike, energetic, and enterprising race, are destined to be the great instrument in the future civilization of Africa and the suppression of the slave trade. Their empire is rapidly extending, and their moral and physical superiority over all the surrounding tribes is very manifest. Of this interesting people Mr. HODGSON remarks:—

The Foulahs are rigid Mahomedans, and according to Mollien, the French traveller's report, they are animated by a strong zeal for proselytism. They are the missionaries of Islam, among the pagan negro tribes. Where they have conquered they have forced the adoption of the Koran by the sword; and whilst pursuing quietly their pastoral occupation, they become schoolmasters, *maalims*—and thus propagate the doctrines and precepts of Islam. Wherever the Foulah has wandered, the pagan idolatry of the negro has been overthrown; the barbarous *Fetish* and *griegree* have been abandoned; anthropophagy and cannibalism have been suppressed; and the horrible sacrifice of human beings, to propitiate the monstrous god of the negro barbarian, has been supplanted by the worship of the true God.

Already the Wesleyan Mission has succeeded in establishing Christianity among them to a considerable extent, and their influence is daily growing. Thus on one side of Northern Africa is Christianity advancing, on the other Mahomedanism, and between them the gross idolatry and barbarism of the population are likely in no long period to disappear. Some valuable information relating to the manners and social economy of the Foulahs was gleaned by a Mr. COUPER from an intelligent slave, called Tom, working upon his estate, and communicated to Mr. HODGSON. The character of Tom gives value to his information.

Tom, whose African name was Sali-bul-alli, was purchased about the year 1800, by my father, from the Bahama Islands, to which he had been brought from Anamaboo. His industry, intelligence, and honesty, soon brought him into notice, and he was successively advanced, until he was made head driver of this plantation, in 1816. He has continued in that station ever since, having under him a gang of about four hundred and fifty negroes, which number he has shewn himself fully competent to manage with advantage. I have several times left him for months in charge of the plantation without an overseer; and on each occasion he has conducted the place to my entire satisfaction. He has quickness of apprehension, strong powers of combination and calculation, a sound judgment, a singularly tenacious memory, and what is more rare in a slave, the faculty of forethought. He possesses great veracity and honesty. He is a strict Mahometan; abstains from spirituous liquors, and keeps the various fasts, particularly that of the Rhamadan. He is singularly exempt from all feeling of superstition; and holds in great contempt the African belief in fetishes and evil spirits. He reads Arabic, and has a Koran (which, however, I have not seen) in that language, but does not write it.

He was a native of the town of Kianah, in the kingdom of Massina. In his country he says—

The houses consist of two kinds. Those occupied by the richer classes are built of cylindrical bricks, made of clay mixed with rice chaff, and dried in the sun. They contain two rooms only, one of which is used as a store-room, and the other as an eating and sleeping apartment for the whole family. They are of one story high, with flat roofs, made of joists, overlaid with strips of wood, and plastered with a very white clay. The inhabitants sleep on raised platforms, covered with mats; and during the cold weather, which occurs about the season of the rice harvest, blankets of wool made from their own sheep are used. The fires are made on the floors, and the smoke escapes by a hole left in the roof. The poorer classes live in small conical huts, made of poles, connected at the tops, and covered with straw.

The principal grain crop is rice. They have horses, cattle, sheep, poultry, and dogs, but no swine.

The usual dress of the men is a large pair of cotton trowsers, and a shirt, with a conical straw hat, without a rim. They manufacture their own cotton cloth, and dye it of a very fine blue, better than any he has seen here. They also wear blankets made from the long wool of their sheep.

The hair of the natives is curled and woolly; and both men and women wear it in long plaits, extending down the sides of their heads. In war they use shields and spears, but not bows and arrows. All the children are taught to read and write Arabic by the priests (Maalims). They repeat from the Koran, and write on a board, which when filled is washed off. There are no slaves. Crimes are punished by fines. The men work in the fields, fish, herd cattle, and weave. The women spin, and attend to household duties, but never work in the field.

An elaborate vocabulary is appended to this curious pamphlet.

FICTION.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces; or, the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firman Stanislaus Siebenkas. By JEAN PAUL FRIEDERICH RICHTER. Translated from the German by EDWARD HENRY NOEL. In two vols. London, 1845. W. Smith. RICHTER is the STERNE of Germany. The same strange jostling of opposite emotions; the same mingling of discordant humours; the same blending of levity with wisdom; of common-place with poetry; of fun with pathos, startle us in the works of both, and stamp them as of kindred genius. Perhaps for reflection JEAN PAUL may claim the higher place—STERNE, for humour. There is, moreover, in the former, a simplicity of soul for which we look in vain in the latter, and his reflections take a wider range, and have more of the character of philosophy. The genius of STERNE was *impulsive*. It blazed forth by fits and starts, and grew more out of his passions and emotions than from his contemplations. Hence is JEAN PAUL better adapted to German than to English tastes, for our countryfolk have as yet scarcely learned to recognize that which may be termed *wisdom*, in its loftiest sense. As yet he only is with us esteemed wise who can most cleverly conduct the business of life, so that it may yield the largest amount of material profit,—money or rank. The quality of wisdom would be denied to him who sought the wealth of the mind for its own sake, and for its own enjoyment, without the secondary purpose of turning it to account in the attainment of that which is alone a recognized object in English existence. By most of our gold-worshipping people, the fancy flights of JEAN PAUL will, doubtless, be denominated the dreams of a madman; the shadows summoned from the depths of his daring thoughts will curl the lip with a sneer, and he will be dismissed with the exclamation, “This may be all very fine and very profound, but of what use is it?”

We reply that it fulfils a requirement of our spiritual nature. Strive as we may to chain it to earth,—and never was the process of *de-spiritualizing* more systematically conducted than now,—the mind will occasionally assert its divinity, and wander away from the paths of world-wisdom into the regions of purer and loftier truth; and then it is that such works as those of JEAN PAUL are welcomed, and read, and understood. Their use at such seasons is that of an intelligent guide in a strange country. They point attention to objects that otherwise would have escaped the unaccustomed eye, and by suggesting associations with familiar things, give to them an interest and an importance that did not before belong to them. They feed the intellect, and though it may please our *sensual* philosophy not so to teach, the intellect *has* its appetites, and must be fed, or the best part of a man will pine away and perish, and leave him, not as God made him, a little lower than the angels, but as he has made himself, a little better than the beasts that perish.

Therefore do we, as opponents of the material and *sensual* tendencies of our time, heartily welcome all books that teach men to think, and carry them out of this moral coil into the universe of thought; that shew to them what things not seen are concealed behind the material forms they do see.

And such a book is JEAN PAUL's *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces*—a strange, quaint book—a psychological rid-

dle, where oftentimes, under the garb of folly, we find profoundest wisdom, and in the details of small, homely, commonplace affairs, we light upon traits of human nature the most delicate and refined, which it must have cost many a year of keen observation, and many an hour of self-analysis and reflection, to have drawn out of the depths of that most subtle of mysteries, most complicated of machines, the human mind.

And yet, as a story, it has few claims to notice. Nothing could be less artificial, less stimulating to the curiosity that usually carries us through novels. It is simply, as the title states, a history of the married life, death, and wedding of the advocate of the poor, FIRMIAN STANISLAUS SIEBENKAS. Nor is there a definite plot to complicate this every-day subject. The hero is a man of letters, who marries a woman without much intellect, struggles with poverty for a year or two, and then dies. The author's aim was mainly, we presume, to introduce the scraps of philosophy which the natural occurrences he narrates suggest to himself, and which he usually puts into the mouth of his hero. Some will think that occasionally his descriptions are too minute, and that he falls into prosiness; this is especially the case upon a first reading, when the story is more sought than the wisdom for which it is the vehicle, and when whatever impedes the progress of the tale is apt to be looked upon as an impertinence. But on the second perusal, when we read more slowly, for the purpose of gathering the gems strewn by the author on his way, we are no longer impatient of riches that are scattered so lavishly about us, but we stop to view them on all sides, and return again and again, and are amazed to find how even that which we had passed by more than once as mere dross, contains beneath its thin coat of common earth crystals the most pure, and spotless, and priceless.

Because these volumes are in the form of narrative, we have classed them among the fictions. But, in fact, they more properly belong to the department of philosophy. The fiction, though a charming work, is only secondary in the author's design. Hence are these *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn* *Pieces* no mere circulating library volumes, to be galloped through in an evening; but books to be bought and read, chapter by chapter, a few pages every day, and when thus completed, to be read again, and often afterwards referred to, for the memorable passages which a judicious reader will not fail to score as he goes along. It is in this manner that we must exhibit specimens of it. We cannot hope to do it justice by aught that will come within our restricted limits; but from the first volume alone we will take a few passages that will at once shew the manner of JEAN PAUL, and be worth preserving among the specimens of current literature, which it is one of the purposes of THE CRITIC to gather together, not only for present, but for future enjoyment.

Here is a cabinet portrait of a character as familiar in England as in Germany.

A RAKE.

Rosa appeared! No soul in the least tender could absolutely curse the youth, or beat him to death: one rather liked him, on the contrary, in the intervals of his pranks. He had white hair on his head and on his chin; on the whole was gentle; and, like the insects, had almost milk instead of blood in his veins—as plants, too, which are poisonous, have for the most part a white milk-like sap. He forgave every one easily, except maidens; and, in the evening, at the theatre, often shed more tears than he had forced from many a seduced victim. His heart was neither of stone nor *pietra infernale*; and when he prayed for any length of time together, he became pious, and sought out the oldest doctrines, that he might adopt them.

The thunder was for him the watchman's rattle, which woke him out of the light sleep of sin: he loved to take the poor by the hand, especially the lovely. All things considered, he may possibly find his salvation, particularly as he is not in the habit of paying his gambling debts, like the debtors of the great world, and treasures in his heart an innate commandment against the shooting and sabre-slashing of duelling.

To be sure, he has not yet learned to keep his word; and neither, were he poorer, would he have any hesitation in stealing. Like a lap-dog, he lays himself at the feet of people in power and wags his tail; but he pulls at the dress of women, or shews his teeth to defend himself.

What exquisite poetry is in this

EVENING LANDSCAPE.

It is a strange soothing feeling that comes over us when from

the tumult of a market-place we go forth at once into the serene expanse of the soberly clad creation,—into her silent dark cathedral.

With heavy heart he ascended the well-known spot, whose hateful name I will omit; and from this ruin he looked around him on the creation, as though he were the last living man. Neither in the blue of heaven, nor on the green of earth, did he find a second voice; only a lost grasshopper chattered in monosyllables in the exposed furrows, from the stubble of the cleared forest of corn-ears. The birds trooped together, screeching dissonantly, and flew into the thickly strewn green nets, instead of into the distant green spring. Over the meadows without flowers, over the fields without corn, flitted pale, ghost-like figures of the past; and over the grand everlasting objects, over woods and mountains, hung a gnawing fog, as though all nature, trembling and crumpling, were about to melt into its murky vapour. But a bright thought pierced the dark drizzle of nature and of the soul, and resolved it into a white mist, and the mist again into glittering dew, and the dew fell upon flowers. He gazed to the north-east on the mountains which concealed from him his second heart, and behind which his friend, a pale image, arose like the earlier coming autumn moon; and the spring, when he would again visit and see his Henry, already began to strew for him a broad path thither with green and with flowers. How man plays with the world around him, and quickly dresses it anew with the spun webs of his own spirit!

The spotless blue heaven now descended nearer to the dun-coloured earth. Did not the future spring already send its music from afar, across a whole winter, in the evening-bells of pasturing cattle, in the wild wood-notes of birds, and the unchecked murmur of the brooks, which flowed into the future carpet of flowers? And when he saw a quivering chrysalis near him, still hanging in her half-shrivelled-up caterpillar-case, and sleeping towards her future blossom-cups, and when, with the spirit-eyes of imagination, he looked beyond the haycocks of the aftermath into the evening glory of June, and every many-coloured tree bloomed, as it were, for him a second time,—their gaudy tops, like magnified tulips, painting a rainbow on the vapours of autumn,—oh, then, it was only earlier breezes of May that chased the fluttering leaves, and fanned our friend with their buoyant billows, and arose with him, and held him floating above the autumn and above the mountains, and he could look over the mountains and far countries, and, lo! he beheld all the springs of his life, which lay for him still in bud, strung together like gardens, and in every spring stood his friend!

Again, read

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MOUNTAINS.

But the damp cold weather did not affect the purse of the Advocate half so much as it affected his stoicism, for he could no longer run out and ascend a mountain, and gazing around seek in the heavens that which consoles the care-worn man, that which precipitates the fogs of life, and which at least shews us behind a glistening fogbank the guiding nebula. At other seasons, when he ascended the Rabenstein, or other mountain, the aurora of the sun of happiness arose beaming above the horizon. The pains and sorrows of this earthly existence lay darting about, like other vipers, only in clefts and hollows, and no rattlesnake with its fangs could rear itself up to his mountain. Ah! there, in the open air,—there, in the neighbourhood of the ocean of life, stretched out into infinity, and near the sublime heavens,—there the blue coal-smoke of our suffocating day sinks down far beneath us; our cares there fall from the bleeding bosom like leeches; there the sufferer, lifted up for a season, stretches out his scarred unchained arms into the pure ether, as though he would fly, and seeks to embrace with them all that reposes above him; he stretches them out, like a returning child, to the infinite invisible Father, and to Nature, his visible mother, and exclaims, "Oh, take not this solace away from me when I am again down there among the sorrows and the fogs!"

Hence it is that the imprisoned and the sick are so unhappy in their riveted chains; they remain shut up in their dungeons, and only gaze on the mountains from afar, whence, as from those of polar lands, on summer midnights, we see the sun gleaming in the deep with a mild and as it were slumbering countenance.

HUMAN JOYS.

Most of the joys of man are only preparatives of joy, and when he thinks he has gained his end, he has but gained a means. The burning sun of rapture is only revealed to our weak eyes in the seventy mirrors of our seventy years. Each mirror reflects its image on the next, fainter and paler, and from the seventieth mirror the sun beams upon us frozenly, and has become a moon.

NIGHT.

The out-spread heaven, the city of God, whose streets were lighted by lamps of suns, drew them out of the narrow cross-ways of the town into the expanded theatre of night, where we

inhale, as it were, the blue of heaven, and drink the east wind. We ought to conclude, and hallow every festival in a room by a pilgrimage into the cool, vast temple, upon whose church-dome the mosaic of the stars composes the saint's picture of the Most Holy.

THE FOLLY OF COMPLAININGS.

Man lies under the yoke of a twofold necessity; that of the day, which he bears without murmur, and that of the year, which, though more rare, he cannot endure without wrangling and complaint. The daily and ever-renewed necessity is, that no wheat grows in winter; that we are not gifted with wings, like so many of the animal tribe; that we cannot set our foot upon the ring-shaped mountains of the moon, and thence gaze on the descending sun gloriously illuminating the mile-deep abysses. The yearly and more rare necessity is, that it rains when the corn is in blossom; that we cannot walk conveniently in many a marshy meadow of earth; and that occasionally, because of corns or our want of shoes, we cannot walk at all. But the yearly necessity is in fact as great as the daily one; and it is just as foolish to resist and murmur at a paralysis of the limbs, as at our want of wings. All the past, and this alone is the subject of our sorrow, is so much matter of iron-necessity, that in the eyes of a superior being it is an equal folly, on the part of an apothecary, whether he complain of his shop having been burnt down, or of his inability to go botanizing in the moon, though in the phials there he would find many things which are wanting in his.

A LEAF ON CONSOLATION.

Even physical pain shoots its sparks upon us out of the electrical condenser of the imagination. We could endure the most acute pangs calmly if they only lasted the sixtieth part of a second; but, in fact, we never have to endure an hour of pain, but only a succession of the sixtieth parts of a second, the sixty beams of which are collected into the burning focus of a second, and directed upon our nerves by the imagination alone. The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely our impatience, and the delusion that it will last for ever.

There is many a loss over which we all know for certain that we shall no longer grieve in twenty—ten—two years. Why do we not say to ourselves: I will at once, then, to-day, throwaway an opinion, which I shall abandon in twenty years? Why should I be able to abandon errors of twenty years' standing, and not of twenty hours?

When I awake from a dream which an Otaheite has painted for me on the dark ground of the night, and find the flowery land melted away, I scarcely sigh, thinking to myself "It was only a dream." Why is it that if I had really possessed this island while awake, and it had been swallowed up by an earthquake why is it that I do not then exclaim, "The island was only a dream?" Therefore am I more inconsolable at the loss of a longer dream than at the loss of a shorter—for that is the difference; and why does man find a great loss less probable and less a matter of necessity, when it occurs, than a small one?

The reason is, that every sentiment and every emotion, is mad, and exacts and builds its own world. A man can vex himself that it is already, or only, twelve o'clock. What folly! The mood not only exacts its own world, its own individual consciousness, but its own time. I beg every one to let his passions, for once, speak out plainly within himself, and to probe and question them to the bottom, as to what they really desire. He will be terror-struck at the enormity of these hitherto only half-muttered wishes. Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; and pride, two bent knees.

With hearty commendations we now commit this, the first complete English translation of JEAN PAUL'S most famous work, to the regards of our readers. MR. NOEL has admirably played his part; and the difficult task of rendering the quaint German faithfully has been performed with a mastery which we trust will encourage the translator to continue his useful labours, and present to the English public a series of the best works of the best writers of Germany.

The Trapper's Bride; a Tale of the Rocky Mountains. With the Rose of Ouisconsin. Indian Tales. By PERCY B. ST. JOHN. London, 1845. J. Mortimer.

MR. ST. JOHN appears to have familiar acquaintance with American scenery, and the manners and customs of the American Indians. He has caught the spirit of the wilds, and almost rivals COOPER in his delineations of a people which will soon exist only in the pages of history and of romance. He writes with easy grace, and the confidence of one conscious of the mastery of his subject. The two tales in this little volume,

which, we believe, is the first of a series, are slightly but sufficiently constructed, the plot being of course in such a work only of secondary importance. To extract from stories so brief would be to do injustice to the author; they cannot be judged by parts; they must be read through to be appreciated, and they will amply reward the expenditure of the two or three hours their perusal will occupy. The continuation will be looked for with interest.

Chillon, or Protestants of the Sixteenth Century: an Historical Tale. By JANE LOUISA WILLYAMS. 2 vols.

MISS WILLYAMS has seized upon a good subject, and had she but made a good use of the opportunity, she might have established herself as a favourite with the novel-reading public. But she wants many of the capacities requisite for a romance writer. She cannot construct a plot or sustain a character. She writes with ease and correctness, and sometimes with spirit; but this is not enough for fiction, which demands ideas as well as words. As the title would indicate, BYRON'S hero is hers, and she minglest his adventures with the contest maintained by CHARLES III., of Savoy, with the Swiss cantons, and the siege of Geneva. This is one of the novels which it would not be prudent to add to any library that requires to exercise a choice.

The Gitana: a Tale. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Newby. WERE it not that one of the most useful purposes of THE CRITIC is honestly to advise the circulating library what to buy, and the reader what to borrow, we should have passed this flimsy production without comment. We notice it only to inform our friends that it is very common-place, very dull, and very inartificially constructed. It is not worth the cost of the loan, and still less the price of the purchase.

Alice Seymour: a Tale. By Mrs. GREY, Author of the *Belle of the Family*, &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Newby. THE moral of this novel is good. It is designed to teach the advantages of self-reliance, aided by the sustaining influence of religion. But Mrs. GREY has not handled her theme with her wonted skill. We fear she writes too fast. There are evidences of haste both in the plot and the composition of this novel, which she must avoid in future if she would keep the position she has attained. Another fault she has. Her incidents are too often unnatural, and therefore fail to impress the lesson she desires. There is no such sudden chance and change in life as her heroine is subjected to. Despite of these drawbacks, however, *Alice Seymour* is a readable, respectable novel, of the third class, and might well be added to such libraries as are not compelled to be particularly select.

POETRY.

Lays and Ballads from English History, &c. By S. M. London, 1845. Burns.

MR. MACAULEY'S *Lays of Ancient Rome* have produced a plentiful crop of imitators. We are deluged with ballads. Every volume of poems that comes to us is half filled with that form of composition. But all have fallen far short of their model; and instead of the stir, and energy, and power—the concentration of words in the creation of images which make the worth of the genuine ballad, and distinguish it from other forms of narrative, MACAULEY'S mimics have given us only the outside dress, the shape of the stanza, and the quaintness of antique words and idioms, without a trait of the spirit that with him made them as realities in the mind of the reader.

We can have no hesitation in pronouncing the volume before us to contain by far the best of the many ballads that have recently appeared. The author has evidently studied in the right school; he has drunk deeply of ancient lore, and his fancy is steeped in the hues caught from the times when the ballad was the popular form of narrative. If MACAULEY had never written, E. B. would have obtained much of the fame which now rests with him as the revivor of this species of poetry. But E. B. must now be measured by the standard of a predecessor, who, by common consent, has achieved the highest place among the writers of his class; and, thus tried, E. B. must be pronounced inferior in many particulars—in

terseness, in vigour, in vividness of painting. What the former would have condensed in a stanza, the latter expands to three, and the reader does not rise from the perusal with the same bright memory of persons and things as was impressed by the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Nevertheless, as we have already observed, E. B. is only second to MACAULEY, and his merits are vastly beyond those of any other ballad-writer of our day, and his volume is creditable to himself, and will be found a pleasing one to the reader. The poet has seized upon the most prominent and poetical events in English history for his rhymes, and two or three passages will shew something of his manner, although it must be observed that a ballad, which is a continuous story, can only be fairly judged by perusal of the entire poem, and that, of course, is too long for our columns.

There is much spirit in the opening stanzas of

THE LAY OF THE FEARLESS DE COURCY.

The fame of the fearless De Courcy
Is boundless as the air;
With his own right hand he won the land
Of Ulster, green and fair!

But he lieth low in a dungeon now,
Powerless in proud despair;
For false King John hath cast him in,
And closely chain'd him there.

The noble knight was weary
At morn, and eve, and noon;
For chilly bright seem'd dawn's soft light,
And icily shone the moon:

No gleaming mail gave back the rays
Of the dim unfriendly sky,
And the proud free stars disdain'd to gaze
Through his lattice, bar'd and high.

But when the trumpet-note of war
Rang through his narrow room,
Telling of banners streaming far,
Of knight, and steed, and plume;

Of the wild *mélée*, and the sabre's clash,
How would his spirit bound!

Yet even after the lightning's flash
Night closeth darker round.

Down would he sink on the floor again,
Like the pilgrim who sinks on some desert plain,
Even while his thirsting ear can trace
The hum of distant streams;

Or the maimed hound, who hears the chase
Sweep past him in his dreams.

Our observations will, we think, be amply confirmed by the perusal of this stirring description of

THE TOURNAMENT.

Oh, for the tongue of a minstrel
To tell in lightning words

The deeds of that glorious tournament,

The fame of those flashing swords!

How a fair and queenly circle

Beheld the knights engage,

Like clear stars watching steadfastly

The foaming ocean's rage;

And amid those brows of beauty

Lofty and calm arose

The head of some ancient hero

Wearing its crown of snows;

'Twas a thrilling sight to witness

Each worn-out warrior's gaze

On a strife where he must not mingle,

On the deeds of his younger days.

Like walls of glittering armour

At first the champions stand,

As the Red Sea stood when its raging flood

Was cleft by God's own hand.

And the crash of their strong ranks charging

Arose when they met on the plain,

Like the roar of those bursting waters

Rushing together again.

Hark, how the watchful heralds

The shouts of their onset gave,

"Charge, warriors! Death to horses!"

Fame to the sons of the brave!"

Those shouts are rising louder

At every well-aim'd blow,

Or whenever a lance is shiver'd

Fairly on breast or brow.

The air is full of battle,

It is full of the trumpet's sound,

Of the tramp of dashing horses,

And the cries of the crowd around;

The earth is strown with beauty,

It is strown with fair plumes torn,

With glove, and scarf, and streamer,

For the love of ladies worn;

But each maiden watched her champion,

And oft her white hands sent

Fresh gifts for every token

That was lost in the tournament.

Oh! for such eyes above them,
Such voices to cheer the strife,
No marvel those warriors tilted
Like men who are tilting for life!

But at length the sports are over!
Changed was the joyous scene,
When many a knight lay gasping
Unhorsed upon the green;
Their squires are near to raise them,
They bear them soft and slow,
And loving eyes all mournful
Attend them as they go.

Not oft was life in danger;
Yet might those sweet eyes grieve
That in their sight their own true knight
Should not a wreath receive.

Now shout ye for the victor!
The warrior to whose sword
Lady, and pincé, and herald
The prize of fame award!
Doubt not his heart is thrilling
Thus on the turf to kneel,
While lovely hands unloose the bands
That clasp his helm of steel!
While every lip is busy
With the honour of his name,
And with glowing cheeks each good knight speaks
The story of his fame!
Dear are thy gifts, O glory!
Dear is thy crown unstain'd,
When the true heart bears witness
That it was nobly gain'd!

It should be added, that the volume is printed, bound, and illustrated in Mr. Burns's best style, and most of our readers probably know what *that* is.

Confessions of the Ideal, and other Poems. By THOMAS POWELL. London: C. Mitchell, Fleet-street.

A STRIKING title for a book is no unimportant matter in its publication. Publishers are aware of this, and readers are often tempted to purchase by an attractive name. We do not assert that Mr. POWELL intended to deceive the public or to push the sale of his work by the name he has given to it, for we hope a poet is above such petty traffic. Nevertheless, it is unaccountable that the misnomer of *Confessions of the Ideal* should be given to a book, when such confessions only occupy a few pages at the end, the former ones being filled by other poems. We were ourselves attracted by the title, thinking it one of uncommon interest. There have been prose confessions enough of burglars, highwaymen, and reprobates of all shades; nor these only, but confessions of philosophers, statesmen, and divines; but we do not remember having read in verse the confessions of a poet—the whole history of his feelings in his chase of the ideal. And yet what a subject is this for him whose youth and manhood have been thronged by stirring fancies, the vital breath of poetry! What a world of beauty could be opened to us, and what sensations, which we also have felt, though less vividly! Mr. POWELL had not the will to give us so much, or even if he had evinced the will, he would have lacked the power. His *Confessions of the Ideal* want the creative principle they profess—ideality. He will be more indebted to the dignity of the Spenserian verse than to his own conception for whatever credit his poem may bring him. The lofty march and the graceful measure of this verse generally deceive the public, and often the critic. They give that praise to the poet which the stanza is rightly entitled to. The richness of that form of verse becomes meagre and poor by such lines as these, and Mr. POWELL has written many such:—

Hope tempts the sinner on from crime to crime
With dreams of penitence and virtuous life,
And throws a mist upon the present time.
It tempts the maiden to become the wife;
It leads the soldier forward in the strife
With gilded hopes of murderous victory;
It tempts the assassin's hand to whet the knife,
And seek the victim's throat; it is a lie
From birth to death, and is our direst enemy.

We will not stop to question the philosophy of these lines, but in justice to the author we must remark that he has written many better. We do not say that Mr. POWELL is a *bad* poet, but we say that he is *not a good* one. In his book there are no passages which the memory grasps instantaneously, and when the words and even the ideas have faded away, still retains as the *impression* of something beautiful. There are no lines that flash upon us as the dawn of some great and origi-

nal thought, scarcely unfolded, it may be, by the poet, but which, like a rose-bud, may be expanded into that universal beauty that is created for the peasant as well as for the king. We have nothing in this book of that by which a true poet is known—expressions that startle at first by their uncommonness, but which, as the mind lifts itself into them, we read, and read, until we believe them to be our own. A great poet makes his reader a part of himself. Mr. POWELL has not a defective ear for rhyme or metre, but, having a pet word, he becomes unmusical by its constant repetition. Not to mention the other poems, in the short one of the *Confessions of the Ideal* we have the following:—

“With the dawning music of its thought.”
“Amid this music came a strain.”
“The passing breeze was music.”
“The music’s witching spell.”
“Lulled to our nightly sleep by music from the wave.”
“To his ear was given the music that he yet may be forgiven.”
“Nor can I taste that perfect melody, the soul of music.”

It is, and always has been the aim of the critic to instruct—to point out errors that others may avoid the like. We are aware that greater poets have favourite words, SHELLEY especially; but a fault is still a fault however great the authority.

The other poems in this book, the “Prayer of Edith,” “Count de Foix,” and the ballad of “The Golden Shroud,” have no originality to recommend them. We hope other *Confessions of the Ideal*, less faulty and more graphic, will follow Mr. POWELL’s—confessions that would shew us a world beyond the desk and the ledger. The age is ripe for the advent of a great poet, although from its scheming and chaffering it seems the reverse. Any, and every time is suited to him who can supply us with elevating thoughts. It is only after a poet has been successful, after he has moulded society to his fancies, that the public believe the age was favourable to his coming. But the age is not formed for the poet, but the poet for the age. That men should appear to have little sympathy with the muse is not at all surprising when we remember how she has been degraded. Scarcely has a month come in with the birth of a poem that has not gone out with its funeral. But let a genuine poet arise, and all hearts will acknowledge him. And why? Because his *Confessions of the Ideal* will be such revelations as every man may call the revelations of his individual mind. A great poet does not give his lines to amuse us, as tops and marbles are given to children; but he strives to tell us that he is but the representative, the chosen speaker for his brethren, and that poetry is no more the emanation of his single mind than the language of theirs. Every reader may be his own reviewer of the merits of a poem. If he find it a mirror in which he himself reflected, he may instantly pronounce it good. By this rule we have tested Mr. POWELL’s poems, and not finding in them a type of our own ideal emotions, they can be a type of no man’s, and therefore are deficient in that which constitutes true poetry.

Edric the Saxon. A Tragedy in Three Acts. London, W. Pickering, 1845.

THE author of this tragedy deems it necessary to apologize for adopting three acts instead of five; he announces also another innovation. He has rejected the established terms *solus*, *exit*, *manet*, &c. as inconsistent with English composition; but he does not advise his readers of a still stranger habit he has adopted, of telling his personages what to do, as well as what to say; such, for instance, as the interjections in every page of—“furiously striking him,”—“with dignity,”—“as struck by a new idea, and in a tone of triumph,”—“who gains more composure as Sir Egbert grows more violent,”—“loudly,”—all of which are culled from two pages opened at random. Thus the author would be actor also; but such an attempt to give an aspect of force to feebleness entirely fails of its purpose. The fury and the dignity thus directed to be used or imagined, make still more ludicrous the tameness of the thought and language so introduced; but the author is a decidedly bad writer: he is like the greater portion of those we are condemned to read—a specimen of commonplace mediocrity, with an ear for metre, and a command of words; but without a spark of that genius which can alone recommend poetry and the drama to the applause of the critic and the attention of the reader.

EDUCATION.

The Model-Book; or One Hundred Lessons on the true Principles of the Pronunciation and Construction of the French Language. By J. TOURRIER, a Parisian. 3rd edition. London, 1845. Nutt.

THIS useful work is based upon the system of JACOTOT. It professes to have in view six principal objects: 1st. To teach the *spoken* language by marking in italics the vowels and consonants not sounded. 2nd. To demonstrate, by fixed rules, when the final consonant ought or ought not to be joined to the following word, according to the grammatical connection existing between them. 3rd. To exhibit the principal grammatical difficulties. 4th. To shew, by means of familiar dialogues, how those difficulties may be overcome. 5th. To enable the pupil, after a few lessons from a master, to *perfect himself*. 6th. To unite in one the advantages of many books, such as grammar, dialogues, readings, in prose and poetry, &c.

That the author has succeeded in these aims is proved by the early attainment of a third edition. Nor are we surprised at his success. His book is the most practically useful instructor in the mysteries of the French language we have ever seen, and we can confidently recommend it both to schools and to those who are educating themselves. The progressive lessons are prescribed with excellent judgment, and conduct from the simplest to the most complicated sentences by almost imperceptible steps. The selections, too, both of prose and poetry, are in very good taste.

A Treatise on the Application of Analysis to Solid Geometry. Commenced by D. T. GREGORY, M.A. Concluded by W. WALTON, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge, Deighton; London, Whitaker. 1845.

THE object of this treatise is to develop a system of solid geometry, in a form suitable to mathematical students, by means of symmetrical equations. The importance of such an object will not be questioned by any who have toiled their way into the higher branches of the mathematics; and the authors appear to have performed their task with enormous industry. Of course it is not a work for criticism; our duty is done when we make known to students its existence and design, and they will judge if it be worth further investigation.

Heads of an Analysis of English and French History for the use of Schools. By DAWSON W. TURNER, M.A., Magdalen College, Oxford. London. Parker.

THIS is a very brief analysis indeed of the histories of England and France, useful for reference in the study, but, as we should deem, little serviceable in schools. It contains the mere skeleton, the dry bones, of history, while youth demands the muscle and thews, and blood and life, to win its attention and command its memory. The compilation is a pains-taking one, and as such creditable to the author, but its utility, according to our notions of education, is so doubtful that we cannot recommend it to schools. To the library of reference, however, it may be a welcome addition.

RELIGION.

The Rationale of Religious Enquiry; or the question stated of Reason, the Bible, and the Church. In six Lectures. By JAMES MARTINEAU. Third Edition. London, 1845. John Chapman.

ALTHOUGH a third edition, this is not a mere reprint. The author informs us in his preface, that since its first publication he has seen occasion to expand some of his views, and modify others, and the work has been corrected in accordance with the conclusions of his more matured judgment. The title defines the purpose of the lectures. They form, in fact, a philosophical treatise upon the manner in which religious inquiry should be pursued, and this is developed in six lectures, treating successively of Inspiration, Catholic Infallibility, Protestant Infallibility, Rationalism, the Relation of Natural Religion to Christianity, and the Influence of Christianity on Morality and Civilization. Mighty questions, that have long divided the world, are necessarily mooted in the course of the argument, and handled by the lecturer with fearless independence of thought.

In accordance with the rule that governs this department of **THE CRITIC**, we venture no judgment upon the *opinions* propounded, but of the *composition* in which they are conveyed we must remark that it is singularly eloquent. **MR. MARTINZAU** is evidently a man of original mind, who feels ardently, and expresses himself with the force which can proceed only from strong conviction that he has right and truth on his side.

His review of the Rationalism of Germany is condemnatory of the extravagant lengths to which it was carried by some of its most famous writers. But he deems that a better spirit has arisen. He looks for the resurrection of a nobler faith out of the ruins of an already effete scepticism :—

Already the extravagances to which I have alluded appear to have almost passed away from the country in which they had their birth ; and the true principle of Rationalism, of which they were never legitimate productions, to be taking a more sober direction, and elaborating more useful results. Its spirit has emancipated Germany from the intolerance of Luther, while it has given new life to his law of liberty ; and that country, which was the cradle of the Reformation, promises to be the first witness of its maturity. Refusing to dissociate philosophy and Christianity, its genius has seized the glorious conception of a progressive religion, even in advance of the understanding, and dilating the heart of individual man ;—presiding over the civilization, and guardian of the order of society. There, if anywhere, will be exhibited that truly sublime state of mind, faith, absolute faith, in truth ; and the great problem will be solved how to combine the freest intellect with the loftiest devotion ; and while inquiring always, to love and worship still.

From the lecture on the Influence of Christianity on Morality and Civilization, we must take one passage, for its eloquent exposition of a principle which it is the mission of **YOUNG ENGLAND** to proclaim and practise :—

One of the universal sentiments which Christianity has deeply imbedded in the human heart, is that of the *natural equality of men*. I mean by this phrase to describe, not the metaphysical doctrine (which is false), that all men are born with the same intellectual and moral aptitudes ; nor the economical doctrine (which is equally false), that all men should possess an equal amount of property ; nor the political doctrine (which can rarely be true), that all men should be invested with the same civil privileges ; but the religious doctrine, that all are of one blood, children of One Father, protected by One Providence, and, consciously or unconsciously, appointed to one life eternal. This truth, sublime in its simplicity, has, through the agency of Christianity, taken deep root in human nature. It is easy indeed for the misanthropic student of history (who is always its superficial reader) to produce a long catalogue of crimes, which appears to throw contempt upon this sentiment. He may point to slavery,—to the sale of human life as a commodity,—to the barter for gold of the volitions of a responsible being, in every age of Christendom, from the downfall of Rome to the present disorders of the American republic ; to the long degradation of the feeble half of the human race ; to the serfs of the middle ages, doomed to be the labouring cattle of the soil ; to the poor of all times, contemplated by other classes in the spirit of insult or the pride of neglect ; their passions plied by politicians, their superstitions amused by priests, their industry taxed, their minds darkened, their bodies mowed down in the war of tyrants. Yet with all these things in full view, and with the biting sense of shame which they fix upon one's human heart, it is only truth to say, that the faith in the brotherhood of men has never died out since Christianity came in. Nor has it been powerless against oppression, though the oppressor himself has sometimes pressed it into his service, and profaned it into an argument for passive submission to wrong. The rich and great have sent their smooth-tongued priest to the hovels of the friendless, to preach the lessons of content ; when extortion has made them poor in substance, to persuade them that they are rich in faith ; when the unequal hand of man is crushing them, to tell them of the equal eye of God that is over all ; when the earth has been turned before them into a desert, to keep them quiet by promising the Paradise of Heaven. The most depressed and ignorant can see through the sophistry of this insult ; they speedily discover, that the natural use of this argument is as a two-edged sword against the oppression which vainly strives to wield it. If all men bear the same relation to God in heaven, where is the tyrant's title to claim the homage of a God on earth ? If all are accountable to the tribunal above, shall he mock at the obligation to do justice and love mercy ? If the earth in its length and breadth be gifted with fertility and decked with beauty for the sake of all, who can wrest from labour its rewards, but the offender against the impartiality of Providence ? If the great elements of humanity, the senses which link us with the outward world, and ties which bind us to our kind, and the understanding

which thinks, and the heart that bleeds for suffering, and the hope that aspires to God, be the heritage of every soul, where can be the justice of the social position which debases them all, and obliterates every trace of a diviner nature ? And, since the Gospel was preached, this mode of reasoning has from time to time broken out, to the great terror of evil-doers, and the great progress of human liberty. It has been incapable indeed of preventing the wrongs of power ; but it has pressed as an elastic force against them, and placed a limit to their violence. For, the advantage of true and noble principles does not vanish, even when all sincere assent to them seems to be gone ; there is a distance beyond which the practice of men cannot depart beyond their professions ; there is a point at which the perception of inconsistency bursts into shame in the agent, and indignation in the observer ; a reformation is demanded ; a return to first principles proclaimed ; and the resistless fiat of the public conscience makes all things new. The great principle of natural equality has always had strong attractions for the human heart ; it has lurked in almost every struggle by which the progress of European society has been advanced ; it has breathed a spirit of dignity, and a lofty energy of principle into the conflicts of class after class for social emancipation, and turned them into a competition of moral with physical force. * * * * * They rose into the humanities of existence, and became dangerous to those who lived on its inhumanities ; they acquired a conscience, and were from that moment terrible ; they learned the idea of duty, which borders closely on the idea of rights. The same sentiment inspired and enabled the frequent struggles of the serfs of feudalism. It was the theme of the orators who banded together the men of Kent in the days of Wat Tyler ; and when John Ball, "a foolish priest" (I use the words of the old chronicler) "preached publicly, that in the beginning of the world there were no bondmen, wherefore none ought to be bondmen without he did treason to his Lord, as Lucifer did to God ; but the peasants were neither angels nor spirits, but men formed to the similitude of their lords ; why, then, should they be kept under like wild beasts ?" And why, if they laboured, should they have no wages ?"—Vain was it for the Archbishop of Canterbury to throw the plebeian preacher into his dungeon ; the magic truth had gone forth ; the lesson eternally graven on the human heart had been interpreted ; thousands started up at the generous voice, and though branded with the name of rebels, made it felt that they were men. * * * * * Wherever Christianity has been published, in its first diffusion by Apostles, and its second development by reformers, this great and binding truth has gone forth in power ; it has broken in upon the carnival of oppression, and stopped the fierce revels that made humanity their sport ; at its sound the trampled have started to their feet ; the children of the soil have looked up and felt over them the canopy of heaven ; the debased have grown conscious of the stirrings of a soul ; and they that had been treated as the kindred of the clod have burned with the aspirations of the skies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Curiosities of Heraldry : with Illustrations from Old English Writers. By **MARK ANTHONY LOWER**, Author of "English Surnames," &c. London, 1845. J. R. Smith.

"**THAT Heraldry is a lordly science**," says **Mr. LOWER**, in his preface, "none will deny ; that it is also a *poetical* science, I shall shortly attempt to prove ;" but not content with these lofty claims, our author promises to shew that it is moreover a *useful* science.

Mr. LOWER may have spared himself the pains of this latter argument, which, we suppose, is a concession to the utilitarian spirit of our age. For our own part we are not so exacting, we do not require that there should be direct utility in a branch of learning to recommend it to notice ; enough that it appeals to the *poetry* of our nature ; that it touches some hidden chord in the human heart. Let other literary journals sneer at **Mr. LOWER**'s enthusiasm, in **THE CRITIC** it shall find respect, if not sympathy. We do not the less esteem a man because he has a hobby ; nay, we like him the better for having individuality of character in this age of heartless uniformity, and **Mr. LOWER**'s hobby is a reputable one, and he rides it very well.

The portly volume which he has just presented to the world is certainly a curious aggregation of learned lore upon a theme which is perhaps less understood in society than almost any other that has a recognized existence. Every decent man carries a crest ; but how few of all who bear arms have the slightest knowledge of the history or interpretation of the honours

they assume. MR. LOWER's volume is intended to dissipate that ignorance, and he has contrived to make a really amusing treatise upon a subject which threatened to be a very dry one. We will endeavour to impart the results of some of the more interesting of his investigations to the curious among our readers.

The first chapter discourses of the fabulous history of Heraldry. Ancient writers claim for it a celestial origin. An author of the fifteenth century gravely assures us that heraldic ensigns were primarily borne by the hierarchy of the skies. MORGAN, an enthusiastic armourist of the seventeenth century, assigns to ADAM *two coats of arms*, one as borne in Eden, a plain red shield, with the arms of Eve borne upon it as an "escutcheon of pretence," *she being an heiress*! and another suited to his condition after the fall. "The arms of ABEL were, as a matter of course, those of his father and mother borne quarterly, and ensigned with a crozier, like that of a bishop, to shew that he was a shepherd."

The same author assigns arms to all the generations named in the book of Genesis!

A MS. at the College of Arms refers the origin of arms to the siege of Troy. Master GERARD LEIGH assigns to Alexander the Great *Gules a Golden Lion sitting in a chair and holding a battle-axe of silver*.

The second chapter introduces us to the authentic history of Heraldry. According to MR. LOWER, its germ is to be found in the banners and ornamented shields of the warriors of antiquity. In after-ages similar symbols were used to distinguish different commanders on the same side; and thence the transition was easy and natural to the transmission of such ensigns, as a means of distinguishing families. The precise period of this process is unknown. CAMDEN and SPELMAN agree that arms were not introduced until towards the close of the 11th century. Others point to the second crusade; but towards the latter part of the 12th century, it is certain that warriors were wont to carry a miniature escutcheon suspended from a belt, and decorated with the arms of the wearer. In the time of RICHARD I., heraldry had assumed a definite shape; that monarch appears on his great seal with a shield bearing two lions combatant.

The earliest known representation of arms on a seal is of the date of 1187.

In the reign of EDWARD I., all the great commanders had adopted arms, which were then really *coats*; the tinctures of the banner and shield being applied to the surcoat, or mantle, which was worn over the armour, while the trappings of the horses were decorated in a similar manner.

In the ages immediately subsequent to the Crusades, heraldic ensigns began to be applied to architectural decorations, and upon encaustic tiles. Soon after the reign of HENRY III., the king and nobility attached heralds to their establishments; and these officials took their names from some badge of the family they served, as falcon, rouge, dragon; or from their master's title, as Hereford, Huntingdon, &c. A MS. in Norman French, called the *Roll of Karlaverok*, narrates the deeds of EDWARD I. and his knights at the siege of the castle of that name, and describes with minute accuracy the banners of the barons and knights.

In the reign of RICHARD I. the nobility claimed the right of conferring arms upon their followers, for faithful services in war.

The practice of devising armorial bearings by will is as ancient as the time of Richard II. In some cases they were also transferred by *deed of gift*. In the 15th year of the same reign Thomas Grendall, of Fenton, makes over to Sir William Moigne, to have and to hold to himself, his heirs and assigns for ever, the arms which had escheated to him (Grendall) at the death of his cousin, John Beaumeyes, of Sawtrey.

Before the reigns of RICHARD II. and HENRY IV., it seems to have been the *general* practice for persons of rank to assume what ensigns they chose. But these monarchs claimed and exercised the right both of giving and taking them away.

So strictly was the use of coat-armour limited to the military profession, that a witness in a certain cause in the year 1408, alleged that, although descended from noble blood, he had no armorial bearings, because neither himself nor his ancestors had ever been engaged in war.

It was in the reign of RICHARD II. that civilians first began

to wear arms, and now commenced the practice of impaling the wife's arms, and quartering those of the mother, when an heiress.

The practice of impaling official with personal arms, for instance, those of a bishopric with those of the bishop, does not appear to be of great antiquity. Provosts, mayors, the kings of arms, heads of houses, and certain professors in the universities, among others, possess this right; and it is the general practice to cede the dexter, or more honourable half of the shield to the coat of office.

Somewhat amusing is the origin of

ARMS OF EXPECTATION.

Nisbet mentions a fashion formerly prevalent in Spain, which certainly ranks under the category of "Curiosities," and therefore demands a place here. Single women frequently divided their shield per pale, placing their paternal arms on the sinister side, and leaving the dexter *blank*, for those of their husbands, as soon as they should be so fortunate as to obtain them. This, says mine author, "was the custom for young ladies that were resolved to marry!" These were called "Arms of Expectation."

The gorgeous decorations of the gentlemen now excited the jealousy of the ladies; says Mr. LOWER:

Yes, incongruous as the idea appears to modern dames, the ladies too assumed the embroidered *coat of arms*! On the vest or close-fitting garment, they represented the paternal arms, repeating the same ornament, if *femmes soles*, or single women, on the more voluminous upper robe; but if married women, this last was occupied by the arms of the husband, an arrangement not unaptly expressing their condition as *femmes covertas*. This mode of wearing the arms was afterwards laid aside, and the ensigns of husband and wife were impaled on the outer garment, a fashion which existed up to the time of Henry VIII.

The application of heraldic ornaments to household furniture and implements of war is of great antiquity. Again:—

Among the "curiosities" of heraldry belonging to these early times may be mentioned *adumbrated charges*; that is, figures represented in outline, with the colour of the field shewing through; because the bearers, having lost their patrimonies, retained only the *shadow* of their former state and dignity.

The arms assigned to cities and boroughs are borrowed from those of early feudal lords:—

Some of the quaint devices which pass for the arms of particular towns have nothing heraldic about them, and seem to have originated in the caprice of the artists who engraved their seals. Such, for example, is the design which the good townsmen of Guildford are pleased to call their arms. This consists of a green mount rising out of the water, and supporting an odd-looking castle, whose two towers are ornamented with high steeples, surmounted with balls; from the centre of the castle springs a lofty tower, with three turrets, and ornamented with the arms of England and France. Over the door are two roses, and in the door a key, the said door being guarded by a lion-couchant, while high on each side the castle is a pack of wool gallantly floating through the air! What this assemblage of objects may signify I do not pretend to guess.

Persons of the middle class, not entitled to coat-armour, invented certain arbitrary signs, called *Merchants' Marks*, found on the stonework and windows of old buildings, and upon tombs. The early printers and painters adopted similar marks. A rude monogram was attempted, and it was generally accompanied with a cross. But this innovation gave great offence;

And in "The Duty and Office of an Herald," by F. Thynne, Lancaster Herald, 1605, the officer is directed to "prohibit merchants and others to put their names, marks, or devices, in escutcheons or shields, which belong to gentlemen bearing arms and none others."

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, so many persons had assumed arms without right to them, that in 1419 it was deemed necessary to issue a royal mandate to the sheriff of every county "to summon all persons bearing arms to prove their right to them."

The first *King of Arms* was WILLIAM BRUGES, created by HENRY V.

The non-heraldic reader will require a definition of what, in the technical phrase of blazon, are called *differences*. These are certain marks, smaller than ordinary charges, placed upon a conspicuous part of the shield, for the purpose of distinguishing the

sons of a common parent from each other. Thus, the eldest son bears a label; the second a crescent; the third a mullet; the fourth a martlet; the fifth an annulet; and the sixth a fleur-de-lis. The arms of the six sons of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died 30^o Edward III, were, in the window of St. Mary's church, Warwick, *differenced* in this manner. These distinctions are carried still further, for the sons of a second son bear the label, crescent, mullet, &c. upon a crescent; those of a third son the same upon a mullet, respectively.

Surnames in these early times were in a very unsettled state, for the younger branches of a family, acquiring new settlements by marriage and otherwise, abandoned their patronymics, and adopted new ones derived from the seignories so acquired. Hence it often happens that arms are identical, or similar, when the relationship is not recognized by identity of appellation.

Illegitimate children generally bore the paternal ensigns differentiated by certain *brizures*.

The second chapter is devoted to the Rationale of Heraldic Charges, which, as well as the next, on the Chimerical Figures of Heraldry, are too learned for our pages.

The fifth chapter treats of "the Language of Arms," first reduced to a system in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and called *Armologia*.

One of the foremost absurdities of this system is the respect paid to the mystic number nine. In whatever point of view we examine the armoury of those days, nine prominent features are made to present themselves; thus there are 9 tinctures, 9 sorts of shields, 9 furs, 9 honourable ordinaries, 9 roundles, 9 differences of brethren, 9 worthy partitions, 9 mesles, 9 abatements of honour, 9 virtues of chivalry, 9 worthies, 9 female ditto, 9 sorts of gentry, 9 duties of heralds, ix artycles of gentilines, ix vices contrary to gentlemen, ix precious stony, ix virtues of precious stony, 9 especial rejoicings, &c. &c. &c.

Other specimens of these fanciful vagaries were the following:—

SILVER alone signifies chastity, charity, and a clear conscience; but in company with
gold—the will "to reuenge Christ's bludshed."
gules—honest boldness.
azure—courtesy and discretion.
sable—abstinence.
vert—virtue (?)
purple—the favour of the people.

Again—

The ass, patience; bull's head, rage; goat, policy; hart, skill in music; horns of stags, &c. fortitude; unicorn, strength; lion rampant, courage and generosity; lion passant, majesty, clemency, circumspection; bear, affection for offspring; dog, fidelity, intelligence; hedgehog, provident care; grasshopper, wisdom; serpent, subtlety; snail, much deliberation (?) stork, filial piety, gratitude; eagle, a lofty spirit; wings, celerity, protection; owl, vigilance; pelican, love of offspring; swallow, industry; cock, courage; dolphin, charity; crane, civility. The wolf, according to Upton, signifies a *wrangler in parliament or assembly*!

But enough of this. Let us pass now to the chapter on *Allusive Arms*, which are of two kinds; 1st, those which contain charges that relate to the character, office, or history of the original bearer; and, 2nd, those which convey a direct pun upon his name. An instance or so will suffice.

The abbot of Ramsay bore, in the same way, a *ram in the sea*, with an appropriate legend. One Harebottle expressed his name by a *hare* upon a *bootle*; while Islip, abbot of Westminster, represented his by a man slipping out of a tree, and supposed to exclaim, "I slip!" These "painted poeties," as Camden styles them, occur chiefly in painted glass windows, in decorated Gothic architecture, and in the title-pages of early printed books.

One of the most singular rebuses I have seen occurs in a window in the chapel at Lullingstone, co. Kent, the seat of Sir P. H. Dyke, Bart. It is that of Sir John Peche. In this instance the arms of the personage are surrounded by a wreath, composed of two branches of a peach tree bearing fruit, every peach being marked with an old English £; Peach-e. It is curious that this device proves the true pronunciation of the name, which was formerly supposed to be Peche.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The History of the Rabbis, the Rab, and the Rabs, &c. By GROTIUS GALLIPOLIUS. London, 1845. Gilbert.

A SATIRE on the internal war now raging in the medical profession. The author is master of his subject, and possesses considerable power over the ridiculous. His composition is vigorous and terse, and something of the spirit of RABELAIS pervades his pages. A vast amount of learning has been lavished upon this *brochure*, which will interest the profession to which it is addressed; but as it will be of small moment to the general public, we must commit it without further comment to those whom it concerns.

Hints on the Study of the Law. By EDWARD FRANCIS SLACK. London, 1845. Law Times Office.

THIS little volume is addressed to clerks, articled and unarticled, and conveys to them, in a very simple but pleasing form, not merely instructions what to read, but how they should conduct themselves so as to make their advancement in after-life the certain fruit of industry and uprightness. Mr. SLACK has acquitted himself of his task most creditably.

ART.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

DURING the forty years which have passed since its establishment, the British Institution has exercised a powerful, and, beyond doubt, a beneficial influence on the Fine Arts of this country. The encouragement it has uniformly given to young and promising talent; the justice it usually metes to those whom professional jealousy or other unworthy motive interferes with elsewhere; and the wide and honourable field it opens for the sale of their works, have insured for it the confidence and respect of artists; while the superior character of the collection under these circumstances made, and the fact that it is the earliest opened of our annual exhibitions, always render it attractive to the public.

This year the directors have come to the determination of excluding from their walls all pictures that have elsewhere been exhibited. Looking at the present condition of Art in England, and considering the paucity of high-class works produced, we see sufficient occasion for doubting the policy of this measure. The *intention*, however, was as good as the *result* in this first trial has been dispiriting and unsatisfactory. The Academy exhibition hitherto has been the great arena for artistic competition, and, notwithstanding the objections too truly urged against it, will continue to receive the best efforts of the best men; and it is questionable whether, without such of these works as may be available, there is talent sufficient among us to support—what the directors seem to aspire at and we most wish to see—an intrinsically rich and attractive exhibition. It were unwise, nevertheless, to conclude that this doubt is correct, and to give up the attempt in despair, because failure has resulted from the first experiment; the experience of three or four seasons only can satisfactorily shew whether the anticipations of the directors have been well founded, and should the event verify their hopes, it will give us no small pleasure to find that our apprehensions were groundless, and we shall most sincerely congratulate all parties on so desirable a result.

From what has been already premised, it will be inferred we do not estimate very highly this year's exhibition. It is, beyond a doubt, much inferior to the last, if not to any former one we remember to have seen. The spectator will wander through the rooms, be entertained by many things, displeased with few, *impressed* but rarely. A few pictures, happy in colour, or of pleasing sentiment, perhaps, he may for brief while remember; but there are not three in the gallery of force sufficient to produce a lasting admiration; in short, the exhibition is of very uniform character, and if it reaches (which is questionable), certainly does not overpass, the level of mediocrity. In history painting, there is not a single production deserving of honourable distinction. The department of landscape affords some good specimens of DANBY, LEE, CRESWICK, BRIGHT, and LEITCH, without containing any thing very remarkable, if we except a sweet wood-scene by LINNELL. Messrs. COOKE and STANFIELD have some superior sea-views. In imaginative compositions, Mr. GOODALL offers two works, *The Widow's Benefit*, and *The Soldier's Dream*,

which are greatly and justly admired. They form the most attractive features of the collection. Mr. LEAHY, too, has a group of merit. Of still-life subjects, Mr. LANDSEER has an admirable specimen, and Mr. LANCE contributes six exquisite works—such, indeed, as he only of living artists can produce.

There is one circumstance evident in this exhibition which smiles upon the present, and augurs well for the future prospects of the Fine Arts ; which is, that nearly *every* work of superior merit is marked *sold*—a proof of what we have before advanced ; namely, that if artists will but paint well, they will find a ready and liberal patronage, and that the complaint too justly made of the limited support extended to the arts in this country, has its foundation, not in the public against whom it is urged, but in the artists themselves, whose works are too frequently undeserving of encouragement.

We proceed, without further comment, to give critical notice of such works as, either for praise or censure, especially deserve it.

No. 1. *Decoy-man's Dog and Ducks*. E. LANDSEER, R.A.—Addressing itself to every grade of intellect, the humblest equally with the loftiest, this will perhaps excite more wonder, and win more universal admiration, than any work in the gallery. The colour is equal to nature ; the texture of plumage in the ducks, and of hair in the sagacious-looking dog, is absolute perfection. Though a low-class subject, the distinctness and careful finish of the most insignificant object in the picture may be remarked to advantage by artists at a time when slovenliness in the subordinate parts has become a characteristic of English art.

No. 10. *Gipsies*. J. GILBERT.—Merit is visible in many parts of this picture. The composition is good, *intention* legible, action appropriate. Character is well marked, and sufficiently diversified ; but so heavy a preponderance of hot, foxy colour, in so chilly an atmosphere, and under so cold a sky, is a contradiction which offends the eye.

Nos. 11 and 26. *Fruit*. G. LANCE.—It is hard to conceive imitation more perfect than it is here. The grapes are round, semi-transparent, and refract the light in their liquid bellies wonderfully ; the peaches are downy, pulpy, and inviting to the last degree.

No. 18. *King George the Fourth visiting the Field of Waterloo*. B. R. HAYDON.—This picture, though not without obvious, and some inexcusable, faults, is less outrageous in action and violent colour than are most of this artist's recent works. There is merit in the arrangement, in the sky, and in the landscape ; but the colour is, as usual with Mr. HAYDON, variegated and spotty. The figure of the king may be like enough ; but he has a bloated, sickly look, which seems to unfit him for horse exercise, and suggests that he is out of place here. Most caricaturists hit the likeness of the Duke of WELLINGTON, yet Mr. HAYDON has signally failed to do so. The drawing of the figure on horseback—or rather supposed to be thus supported—on the right of the composition, is the worst we ever saw in a work of such pretensions.

No. 27. *Dance at Xanthus*. W. MULLER.—A clever sketch. The figures carefully drawn, and impressed with character.

No. 35. *Every man under his vine and fig-tree*. H. LE JEUNE.—There is light, and depth of atmosphere in this ; the lines are pleasingly combined, and the colour is both rich and pure. The left corner of the picture is, however, sadly deficient in detail and finish.

No. 44. *Belgic Galliot aground*.—The chief characteristics of this work are space and light. There is a fine passage of brooding lazy clouds running through the picture.

No. 51. *Shylock*.—With a quiet happy tone of colour, skilful arrangement, and judiciously managed effect, this picture is totally deficient of the prime requisite for such a subject—character. There is here nothing of the vindictive, cunning, avaricious, bloodthirsty Jew. If Mr. KNIGHT will but look at the Jews, veritable and unmistakeable, as REMBRANDT fixed them on the canvas, he will see at a glance how signally he has failed.

No. 54. *A Wood Scene*. J. LINNELL.—Of all the landscapes in the exhibition, this, we opine, is the best. It is a most carefully elaborated, telling picture, abounding everywhere with genuine rustic feeling ; so much so, indeed, as to remind us, in several points, of the genius of GAINSBOROUGH.

Yet is there no slavish imitation of that great master. The similarity is that only which a correct eye in both artists, looking at the same objects, and appreciating them with a proper feeling, would unconsciously produce. The sky, most ably painted, is peculiarly that of an autumnal *English landscape*. The clouds, floating sluggishly, are foreshortened admirably, and lead the eye away for miles into the distance. The characteristics of various trees—beech, oak, and others—are finely discriminated ; the accessories compose well, and are skilfully connected ; there is a harmony and unity in the colouring, and equal force and delicacy of finish throughout.

No. 55. *Eel Traps on the Thames*. A. W. WILLIAMS.—Were it for no other purpose than to give a word of advice to the artist, we should not overpass this picture, especially as it seems to us to need but one requisite for a successful landscape. It has simplicity of composition, and great beauty of line ; the handling is meritorious, being firm and substantive on the land, smooth and flat in the water, feathery, light, and free in the foliage of the birch-trees. It has a cool and fresh atmosphere, and wants but *transparency* in the shadows, to be a truthful and impressive work. The artist would do well to avoid this, the most obvious defect of his landscapes.

No. 59. *The Widow's Benefit Night*. F. GOODALL.—Here is, indeed, a living embodiment of Irish character. A number of the *finest pisantry on 'arth* have met to testify in their own peculiar way—by pleasure-making—their sympathy for a poor young widow and her fatherless child. In the centre, a rollicking good-humoured lad and a merry well-shaped girl are dancing to the music of a piper. On the right, at a board placed *full in the doorway*, in true Irish fashion, are men and women carousing. In the back-ground are others similarly engaged. On the left, on an iron-bound chest, sits one of the most characteristic blind pipers ever painted ; beneath him is the widow, with her child on her lap. The foreground has groups of recumbent children looking on and enjoying the scene. Out of these, with subordinate accessories, the artist has produced a work which bears out to the letter the praises with which, in this journal, we welcomed his first appearance before the public last year. The story is clearly told—the intention of the artist being nowhere mistakeable. There is meaning in every thing introduced—from the portrait of DAN O'CONNELL, which, nailed on the door, turns its eyes on the actors with an evident relish of the fun, to the fishing-nets dependent from the roof-tree. The sentiment of boisterous hilarity or quiet enjoyment sits on every countenance except that of the widow, who, herself sympathizing with what is passing around, cannot be said to look sad, but forgets for awhile her bereavement, though not to smile, much less be gay. In the urchins on the floor to the right, one draining from an exhausted bottle the few remaining drops of whiskey, and the other catching them in an iron spoon, we perceive a stroke of nature worthy of WILKIE. There is actual motion in the dancers, and the living stamp of individuality on every figure introduced. The drawing is careful and exact ; the grouping neither forced, nor confused, nor scattered, but sweetly connected and carried through ; the effects are most skilfully and correctly thrown in ; while the judicious opposition and harmony of colour, its transparency and purity, convey an inexpressible pleasure to the eye. So sterling are the merits of this picture, that we are loth to hint an objection ; yet, though personally he is a stranger to us, the admiration we entertain for this young artist, the hopes we place on him as one promising to sustain, if not extend, the reputation of British art, and our jealousy lest he should fall into error, compel us to warn him against the sin of self-repetition. Let him carry caution so far as to avoid painting from the same model even a second time. Though varied in attitude, the same face and the same expression peep out on us as we were charmed with in his picture of *Fête de Mariage* last year. He has strength of genius enough to carry him clear of this and his lesser defects, if he will but rely on himself, and exert it.

No. 63. *The Old Mill*. T. CRESWICK, A.R.A.—The rocks, water, and mill are cleverly painted, the herbage, however, is offensively green. Here is given a proof of the difficulty landscape painters find to draw a mill-wheel in perspective. Such an one as this could not possibly revolve.

No. 90. *Mynheer's Yacht Be calmed*: and No. 10, *Fecamp Herring-Boats going to Sea*. E. W. COOKE.—Two charming sea-pieces, abounding in light and atmosphere, truthful in colour, and carefully finished.

No. 104. *Scraps from a Burgomaster's Table*. G. LANCE.—This is one of the very few works in the gallery of which the spectator will carry with him a distinct and enduring recollection. It is composed of bunches of red and white grapes, two peaches, a fig, half a fig, some filberts, mulberries, and a bunch of barberries, grouped on a golden salver. As a painting, we can find no other word to describe it than "wonderful." The illusion is absolutely so perfect, that, against the conviction of reason, the senses of smell and taste are betrayed into activity, and you fancy you smell the odoriferous peach, or prove the luscious fig on your palate. The purity of colour, truth of texture, and delicacy of finish, in this remarkable picture, cannot be surpassed. Of all whose works we know, VAN HUYSUN, in his flower-pieces, is the only painter who has approached so closely to nature in still-life pictures as Mr. LANCE.

No. 115. *The Ascension*. W. RIMER.—This, we presume, is one of the rejected from the Bermondsey competition. If so, it deserves to be, for, with the exception of a similar work by Mr. FRANK HOWARD (No. 245), a more confused, ill-drawn, purposeless composition, we do not remember to have seen.

No. 119. *Landscape*. W. L. LEITCH.—This is a well-composed work, quiet in tone, spacy, natural, and not deficient in power.

No. 124. *Cornish Mountain Scene*. H. BRIGHT.—A landscape remarkable for power and truth of colour. The composition is good, effect bold and happy; the rocks solid and prominent, the water fluent and sparkling, the foliage crisp and feathery. There is a sweet rustic figure, most delicately painted, in the foreground, of a sentiment akin to those of GAINSBOROUGH.

No. 129. *On the Holland's Diep*. C. STANFIELD, R.A.—Here is one of this artist's most striking sea-views. A heavy mass of thunder-clouds rising up from the left relieve a frigate and three-decker, which sit buoyantly on the water, and are most carefully painted. A heavily-laden trader and some boats pitch upon the swell with actual motion; there is a fresh breezy atmosphere that is exhilarating; and so real is the rush of water, that the *sough* of the waves may not be shut from the ear. The jetty, with boy and fish, in front of the picture, are painted with marvellous force.

No. 146. *An Avenue*. F. R. LEE, R. A.—One of those subjects which Mr. LEE manages better than any other of our artists, and of which he is therefore excusably fond. It is an August scene, affording a glimpse of corn-fields from beneath the pendant branches of the trees. The lights are sparkling and clear, the shadows cool and transparent, and the effects artistically thrown in. There is more careful finish about this than any late picture by this artist we have seen.

No. 150. *Entrance Porch to the Church at Caudres Innes*. A. E. GOODALL.—This is a very ably-managed effective interior, so much so, indeed, as to suggest at first sight the idea of ROBERTS. The light is finely led through the picture, the figures are happily introduced, and add by their propriety to the sentiment of the picture.

NECROLOGY.

THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

To give some account of the life, character, and writings of the witty and accomplished Canon of St. Paul's is a melancholy, though not an ungrateful task. The close of such a life forms a remarkable event in the world of letters; while the review of his career constitutes in many respects an agreeable undertaking. If not altogether impossible, it is at least extremely difficult so to vary biographical notices as to avoid commencing with an account of a man's parentage, and ending with a description of his funeral. It is therefore hoped that in this instance, at all events, the reader will permit us to pursue the beaten track. A gentleman of the name of Smith, who resided at Lydiard, near Tanton, in Devonshire, was the father of the rev. and learned person whose name stands at the head of this article. Although his family were inhabitants of Devonshire, it so happened that the subject of this memoir was, in the year 1768, born at Woodford,

in Essex. The ancient school founded at Winchester by William of Wykeham was the seat of learning at which Sydney Smith imbibed his first draughts of knowledge; there laying the foundation of those attainments, and developing those intellectual powers, which have, during the last half-century, exercised a much more considerable influence upon the literature and social condition of England than, to the cursory observer, might at first view appear. He was elected to New College, Oxford, in the year 1780, where ten years afterwards, he obtained a fellowship; but it was not until six years subsequent to the last-mentioned date that he took the degree of M.A.

He had by this time approached the 30th year of his age; yet even then the world had seen no manifestations of those extraordinary endowments which eventually gave him so high a position as a literary man, and rendered him so important a member of the Whig party. The first ecclesiastical duties which devolved upon him were those of the parish of Netheravon, near Amesbury; and it appears that in that almost solitary situation he resided for about two years. Now, the gentleman of largest property living in his immediate neighbourhood was a Mr. Hicks Beach, who for some years represented Cirencester in Parliament. It is quite in the natural course of events that the 'squire and the parson should become well acquainted, and in due time that the acquaintance should ripen into intimacy. He says, in one of his prefaces, "The 'squire took a fancy to me." It is pretty well known that almost every one who became acquainted with him followed the example of the hon. member for Cirencester, since nothing became more common than for people "to take a fancy" to Sydney Smith. The result, however, of this fancy was, that Mr. Beach prevailed on Mr. Smith to take charge of the education of the youthful hope of the squire's family. With the view of carrying this object fully into effect it was arranged that both pupil and tutor should proceed to the University of Weimar.

Sydney Smith had remained on Salisbury-plain two years, and his sojourn in Edinburgh was for a period of five years, during a considerable portion of which he officiated at the Episcopal Chapel in that city. At this time and place his career as an author may be said to have commenced; and amongst the earliest of his literary acquaintances were Lords Brougham, Jeffrey, and Murray. It was from a suggestion of Mr. Smith that one of the most famous periodicals in Europe originated. He proposed to the noble and learned persons just mentioned—all of them still living—that they should unite with him in starting a review; and of that publication the subject of this memoir was appointed editor. Few readers require to be informed that the publication here referred to is one which has enjoyed almost uninterrupted popularity for a period of more than forty years, under the title of the *Edinburgh Review*. Very soon after the commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Smith ceased to be the editor, for he removed to London, where he settled in the year 1803, and in the thirty-fifth year of his age he married the daughter of Mr. Pybus, the banker.

That such a man as Mr. Smith should become an extremely popular preacher will readily be imagined; accordingly, we find him about this time in the full enjoyment of fashionable notoriety, preaching at the Foundling Hospital, the Berkeley and the Fitzroy Chapels. One of the publications of that period describes him as having been "engaged" to preach at those places of resort; just as one might speak of a theatrical "star" being "engaged" to perform at Covent-garden or Drury-lane.

Although Mr. Smith had now ceased to be the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*,—although he had, as he himself modestly says, "placed its management in the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham," he yet continued to be one of its most active contributors, writing frequently on prison discipline, on the abuses and corrupting influence of the game laws, on transportation to Botany Bay, on toleration, on Methodism, on education, on Irish bulls, mad Quakers, chimneysweepers, counsel for prisoners, and a variety of other subjects. To the criticism of individual writers, or the estimate of literary character, he gave but little of his time or attention. The only person to whom he has devoted more than a single article was the celebrated Charles James Fox, a man for whom Mr. Smith's admiration was intense; and to whom, in personal appearance at least, he is said to have borne a strong resemblance. It is not unworthy of observation, that the late Lord Holland, the nephew of Fox, warmly patronized Mr. Smith; and when Lord Erskine held the great seal Lord Holland prevailed on that noble and learned person to bestow on Mr. Smith the living of Froston, in Yorkshire, where he resided for some years. It was about this time, or shortly before it, that he attacked the system of education pursued at Oxford with so much ardour as to draw upon him a severe reply from the Provost of Oriel.

The chapels where Mr. Smith preached in London were crowded with the wealthy, the dignified, and even with the learned inhabitants of this great city, a circumstance which naturally attracted the attention of those gentlemen who manage

the affairs of the Royal Institution. It happened, therefore, that before he went to live in Yorkshire it was thought that his wit, acumen, and learning might be displayed to advantage elsewhere than in the pulpit. He therefore became a lecturer on the *belles lettres* at the Royal Institution, and, of course, his prolusions were attended, according to the theatrical phrase, by "overflowing and fashionable audiences." In every thing which he attempted he appears to have been eminently successful. At college he graduated with honour, and obtained a fellowship. He projected and contributed to a review which has enjoyed the highest degree of prosperity; he attempted an ambitious style of preaching, with a vigour of talent which distanced all rivalry; he became a public lecturer, and the whole world of Mayfair flocked to Albemarle-street to enjoy his humour and become enlightened by his researches; he published political works which have gone through editions so numerous, that as many as 20,000 copies of some have been sold; he lived long enough to enjoy his reputation, and to attain to a greater age than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals; and yet those who appreciate wit, who can admire learning, and who honour the man that used both for the good of his species, will be disposed to think that, old as Sydney Smith was, he died too soon. When person of high intellectual power is removed from this life, the place which he occupied is never again really filled.

It was one of the Whig ministry of 1806 who conferred upon Sydney Smith the living which he held in Yorkshire; but he was not long settled there when the cry of "No Popery" expelled the Government of that day from the councils of the King, and Mr. Perceval ruled in their stead. It was then that the most popular of Mr. Smith's works made its appearance. The celebrated *Letters of Peter Plymley*—under which designation it was the pleasure of Mr. Smith then to write—went through so many editions that the anti-Catholic party stood aghast, and really trembled for Protestant ascendancy.

Throughout his long life Mr. Smith was a good Whig; to the service of his party he devoted his best energies; and, to do that party justice, when the time came for rewarding his undeviating devotion to the common interest, their ancient fellow-labourer was not altogether forgotten. In the year 1831, during the ministry of Lord Grey, the Rev. Sydney Smith became one of the canons residentiary of St. Paul's. In 1829 he had received the rectory of Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, a living the value of which is about 300*l.* per annum. Mr. Smith had by this time declined into the vale of years, and the pecuniary advantages derivable from the exercise of his literary powers had ceased to become an object to him; his pen was therefore in some degree laid aside, and he was not induced to resume it till an occurrence took place which he regarded as a downright invasion of his property and of the rights of deans and chapters, which as a member of one of those corporations he had sworn to defend.

In these latter days of his life it has been remarked, rather uncharitably perhaps, that nothing less exciting than private interests and personal feelings induced him to take up his pen; and some colour is given to this complaint by the fact that the most remarkable occasions on which he has recently appeared in print were those when he considered himself injured by Lord John Russell's bill, and when he was himself really robbed by the repudiating Republicans of Pennsylvania.

The conversational witisms of Sydney Smith would fill a jest-book; but his character will be estimated by posterity on far higher grounds. When his "quips and cranks" are lost and forgotten, it will be remembered that he supported Roman Catholic claims, and that they were conceded; that he strenuously assailed the game laws, and that they underwent great modification; that he compelled a large portion of the public to acknowledge the mischief of our penal settlements; that he became the advocate of the wretched chimneysweepers, and their miseries were alleviated; that he contended against many of the unjust provisions of the Church Reform Bill, and they were amended; that whereas, before his time, a man accused at the bar of a criminal court might be hanged before he had been half heard, now every prisoner has the benefit of a defence by counsel. It will further be freely acknowledged, that no public writer was more successful than he in denouncing a political humbug, or demolishing a literary pretender; that he was, on the whole, an upright and a benevolent man; and, as the world goes, a disinterested politician; that he had opportunities of improving his fortune, which he nobly rejected; and that, having lived with unostentatious respectability, he died without accumulating wealth.—(Abridged from the *Times*.)

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

This distinguished ornament of our periodical literature, whose premature death it is our painful duty to record, was born at Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, on the 15th of May, 1803, and was consequently at the time of his decease within a few months of

completing his forty-second year. His father, a respectable tradesman of that town, removed to London when the subject of this notice was about five years of age, and shortly afterwards placed him at St. Olave's school, at Southwark, where, though not the most unremitting pupil in the world, his natural ability and quickness of apprehension always kept him at the head of his class. The only male child of a family of seven, he was naturally destined by his father to succeed him in the business he had established; but the son, whose literary tendencies manifested themselves at an unusually early period, could not be induced to adopt this arrangement. At twelve or fourteen years old he was an enthusiastic student of poetry, and more especially of Shakspeare and Byron; indeed it was for a long time the object of his ambition to represent, on the stage, the heroes created by the magic pens of these and our other great dramatists; and judging from his highly-effective delivery, at a later period, of favourite passages in his favourite authors, we have little doubt that, as a candidate for histrionic triumphs, he would have been successful. However, this was not be; and the occupation with which he began life's struggle was that of reader at Baylis's (now Cox and Sons') printing office, in Great Queen-street. By the influence of Sir Stamford Raffles, and of Mr. Vigors, the late member for Carlisle, with whom he was connected by marriage, he subsequently obtained the situation of secretary to the Zoological Society, and resided at the Society's Museum in Bruton-street. This was in 1827. He was now a husband and a father, having united himself, on the 24th of February, 1824, to Miss Anne Gates, a lady whose memory is endeared to all who knew her, by her unvarying amiability of temper and thorough goodness of heart. By her he had four children, the eldest a girl, all of whom survive to deplore their irreparable and untimely loss. At about the period of which we are now speaking, in 1828, Mr. Blanchard published his first work, a small volume of poetry, entitled 'Lyric Offerings'; he had, indeed, when quite a boy, sought to embody, in verse, the high-souled thoughts which even then burned within him, and the volume now produced more than justified the self-reliance with which he had resolved upon devoting his life to literature. It is not our intention to enter into any criticism of this work, or upon the character of Mr. Blanchard's mind. This task will be performed by far abler hands, in the collected edition of Laman Blanchard's writings, which we understand is instantly to be produced, under the superintending care of one of our greatest authors, illustrated by the masterly pencil of one of our eminent artists.

Mr. Blanchard, in 1831, gave up the secretaryship of the Zoological Society, for the more congenial employment of acting editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time directed by Dr. Croly. This was the commencement of that connection with the press which he maintained with such honour to himself, and such gratification to his readers, up to the period of his death. On the establishment of the *True Sun* newspaper he became its editor, and held that office until the discontinuance of the publication. He was next solicited to edit the *Constitutional* newspaper, and on this being given up, he joined the *Courier*, which, in conjunction with the *Court Journal*, he superintended for several years. The *Courier*, however, resuming its Conservative opinions, Mr. Blanchard at once withdrew from it,—undeviating consistency of political opinion, unmixed altogether with mere party bigotry or prejudice, forming one of the most marked and honourable features of his character. With the commencement of the year 1841 he became connected with the *Examiner*, which connection lasted up to the time of his decease. Concurrently with these various engagements, he was a constant contributor to several of the leading periodicals of the day. The readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, of *Cruikshank's Omnibus* (which he edited), of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, of the *Illuminated Magazine*, &c. &c. were, as the respective days of publication drew nigh, ever on the watch for the contributions of Laman Blanchard, for his graceful verses, his lively stories, his wit that never had a touch of malice in it. And rarely were their expectations disappointed; there was never a writer with a readier pen; a poem, an essay, a sketch, a witty paragraph, seemed to spring spontaneously from his brain; never, we will repeat to his honour, was his facile pen dipped in gall, the writer and the man being alike the impersonation of kindness.

Throughout his literary career, while fighting his way bravely, fearlessly, and independently, he maintained the respect of the public, who knew him but by name and reputation, the esteem and warm affection of well nigh all those with whom he from time to time became connected by the ties of friendship. There was this personal circumstance, in common with others connected with the literary character of his mind, presenting a striking resemblance between him and Charles Lamb; despite the strong provocation of his mental superiority, we never heard that Charles Lamb had an enemy; next to him, of all the literary men we have known or heard of, Laman Blanchard conciliated the greatest amount of friendship, and made the fewest enemies.

Mr. Blanchard died at half past one on the morning of Saturday, 15th February, at his residence, No. 11, Union-place, Lambeth, where he had lived for the last ten years, and was interred on the 22nd Feb. in the cemetery at Norwood, by the side of his wife, who, after a long and painful illness, had preceded him to the grave by two or three months. It was, indeed, grief for her loss, acting upon a temperament of peculiar susceptibility, and which had been wrought up to the extreme of nervous excitement by upwards of a twelvemonth's intense anxiety on her account, that led to the melancholy result we have now recorded. Utterly worn out, prostrated, he had been confined to his bed for a week. On Friday, 14th Feb. he was attacked by a succession of the most painful and most weakening fits of hysteria, and in a paroxysm of one of these he died. He was followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends, comprising many of the most eminent names in literature and art.

Be it mentioned to their honour that a committee of gentlemen—including Sir Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Colburn, have liberally guaranteed to his children the annual sum of 300*l.* for the next three years.—*Historical Register.*

HENRY JOSI, ESQ.

The place of Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum has been filled during the last twenty-five years by men of remarkable and varied ability in their several paths—Smith, Ottley, and Josi; but it may be safely asserted that the last only possessed that accurate and comprehensive knowledge of all the schools of engraving, which should distinguish the individual presiding over that department of the Museum. Smith was little more than skilled in topographical works; Ottley, though an accomplished scholar, was a man of crotchets, the devoted adherent of one school; but Mr. Josi, whose demise it is our melancholy duty to record, brought to the discharge of his official duties a practical knowledge of every branch of the art. Mr. Josi died at his house in Upper Wharton-street, Pentonville, on the 7th inst. He was the son of Mr. Christian Josi, a native of Holland, who came to this country in early life, and studied under Metz and John Raphael Smith, both celebrated engravers. After practising the art for a short period, he abandoned it and commenced dealing in prints and drawings. Subsequently Mr. Josi married Miss Chalon, the sister of Mr. Chalon, the animal painter, and then transferred his business to Holland, still continuing extensive transactions with this country, until the interruption of the trade with England consequent on the occupation of the Low Countries by the French. The first act of Mr. Josi on the re-opening of the intercourse with this country, was to remit to his English correspondent the sums in which he stood indebted to them previous to the war, a circumstance which established for him a high commercial character. After the battle of Waterloo Mr. C. Josi was selected by the Dutch Government to reclaim the engravings and drawings which Bonaparte had transferred from the galleries of Holland to the Louvre. He was accompanied on this mission by his eldest son Henry.

Soon afterwards he returned to England permanently to establish himself, which he did in the house once the abode of Dryden, in Gerard-street, Soho, bringing with him an extensive collection of prints and drawings, many of which he placed in the cabinets of our first amateurs. The remainder of the collection was sold, after his death, in four parts, by Christie and Manson, in 1829.

About the year 1819 the late Mr. Henry Josi was sent by his father to the well-known school of Dr. Burney, at Greenwich; on leaving which he assisted his father in business, and subsequently established a shop, on his own account, in Newman-street.

On the death of Mr. John Thomas Smith, keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, Mr. Henry Josi became a candidate for that office, but unsuccessfully, as it was obtained by Mr. Ottley, who held it, however, but a short time; and on his decease, in 1836, Mr. Josi was elected. The testimonials he presented to the trustees were from the best artists and dilettanti in the country. Having attained the object of his wishes, Mr. Josi set to work most energetically to increase the value and importance of the department under his care. Great additions were made to the national collection of prints and drawings through his untiring energy. To him alone are attributable the purchases of Mr. Sheepshanks's collection of Dutch and Flemish drawings and etchings; of the greater portion of the late Mr. Harding's fine prints; of an invaluable collection of specimens of early mezzotint engravers; of Raphael Morghen's own collection of his works in all their different progresses; and one of the last occupations of his life was the attainment of Mr. Cunningham's collection of prints by the early German engravers, the final accomplishment of which he did not live to be acquainted with. What difficulty he must have had in attaining these objects may be imagined when we mention that the only trustee of the British Museum, who is either a collector of, or manifests much interest in old prints and drawings, is Sir R. Peel.

Mr. Josi had long been unwell, but until the last few weeks his friends had seen no reason to be alarmed about him. He had scarcely completed his forty-third year, and it was hoped that a long career of successful exertions in the pursuit he loved so much was before him. This has unfortunately not proved the case, and his early death will be lamented, not only by a numerous circle of private friends, but by every lover of the fine arts in Europe. By the artists and amateurs visiting the print-room his loss will be deeply felt, and it will not easily be supplied. His kind manners, and the pains he took to exhibit and elucidate what was under his care, rendered him an especial favourite.

Mr. Josi had great skill in cleaning and repairing prints: he painted a little, possessed great general information, and spoke Dutch, French, and German with facility, an accomplishment of much value to him at the Museum, to which foreigners are continually resorting. He enjoyed in an eminent degree the respect and good will of his fellow officers, by whom his loss is greatly regretted.

His energies seem to have been devoted to his pursuit of engravings; the only amusement in which he took an interest seems to have been aquatics, being a member of the Thames Yacht Club.

He was twice married, and has left a widow and an only daughter. Mr. Charles Josi, of Great Portland-street, an animal painter of great celebrity, is his brother.—*Historical Register.*

JAMES BISCHOFF, Esq.

Was the author of the "History of the Woollen and Worsted Manufactures," and several valuable pamphlets, intended to promote the repeal of the wool duty and the corn laws. Mr. Bischoff, according to the *Leeds Mercury*, was a Leeds man, brother of the late Thomas Bischoff, and brother-in-law of the Messrs. Stansfield. Though settled in London, he was connected by trade with Yorkshire, and was one of the most zealous, indefatigable, prudent, and enlightened promoters of the repeal of the duty on foreign wool. Mr. Bischoff was possessed of extensive mercantile and statistical information, and such was the known soundness of his judgment that he was often consulted by Mr. Huskisson and other ministers at the Board of Trade. Mr. Bischoff belonged to the Whig party. In private life he was respected and beloved for his kindness, sincerity, and rectitude; and to his widow and numerous family his loss will be deeply felt.—*Historical Register.*

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

ELECTRIC CLOCKS.—The following extract from a letter from Mr. Finaison, of Loughton Hall, appears in the *Polytechnic Review*:—“Mr. Brain has succeeded to admiration in working electric clocks by the currents of the earth. On the 28th of August he set up a small clock in my drawing-room, the pendulum of which is in the hall, and both instruments in a voltaic circuit, as follows:—On the N.E. side of my house two zinc plates, a foot square, are sunk in a hole, and suspended to a wire: this is passed through the house, to the pendulum first, and then to the clock. On the S.E. side of the house, at a distance of about forty yards, a hole was dug four feet deep, and two sacks of common coke buried in it; among the coke another wire was secured, and passed in at the drawing-room window, and joined to the former wire at the clock. The ball of the pendulum weighs nine pounds, but it was moved energetically, and has ever since continued to do so with the self-same energy. The time is to perfection, and the cost of the motive power was only 7*s.* 6*d.* There are but three little wheels in the clock, and neither weights nor spring; so there is nothing to be wound up.”

A LITHOGRAPHIC STEAM PRESS.—Steam, superseding in every direction manual power, is about to be applied in working the lithographic press. Upon the disadvantages of the old and the advantages of the new mode, our contemporary, the *Alhænæum*, enlightens us. It states, that hitherto the cost of the lithographic process, as compared with the expense of printing from engraved blocks, has been a serious drawback to its unquestionable advantages; and has limited its employment, for the illustration of modern literature, to the comparatively rare cases in which economy is not an object of primary importance. This costliness of lithography has, again, depended in a great measure upon the wasteful misapplication of skilled and highly-paid labour to the mere mechanical drudgery of dragging the stone through the press. The lithographic printer has no sooner

"inked in" the drawing—a process requiring much judgment, a quick eye, and delicate manipulation—than he has to lay aside the roller, and toil at a winch like an ordinary labourer. It is obvious that such a waste of valuable time, repeated at every stroke of the press, must form a heavy item in the cost of the lithographic process as hitherto performed. These evils are now at length obviated by the invention of a new lithographic printing machine, in the working of which steam power is substituted for manual labour. This improvement, which has recently been patented and brought into extensive operation, is certainly of considerable importance. For, not only is the rate of printing greatly accelerated, and the cost of the process proportionally diminished by this new application of steam power, but the pressman, relieved of the only laborious part of his work, brings unexhausted energies and a steadier hand to the nice operations of inking and registering; and is thus enabled to produce impressions of superior and uniform quality. We emphasize the word uniform, because the most skilful printer at the hand-press is apt to flag a little towards the end of the day's labour; so that his afternoon's work is seldom quite equal to his performance in the fresh of the morning. Nor are these the only advantages resulting from the new improvement. The higher pressure afforded by the steam press permits the use of undamped paper, and a drier, less greasy ink; which gives a peculiar clearness and brilliancy to the impressions, and prevents the slightest distortion that is apt to result from the unequal stretching of damped paper. The process, thus improved, and no longer laborious, takes higher rank among the mixed, or technico-aesthetic arts; and is likely, in its new form, to attract a superior class of workmen. Should it lead to a more extensive adoption of original lithographic designs for the illustration of books and newspapers, it will exercise a beneficial influence on the public taste; and, in any case, it will materially lighten the toil, and so far ameliorate the condition, of the class of journeymen lithographic printers.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our private assurance of its authenticity; but the name will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF MESMERISM.

THE society held its *third* meeting on Saturday, the 15th instant. There was a very full attendance of members.

Communications were read by the secretary, and two new members were proposed.

The following resolution was carried unanimously:—

"That one person only shall experiment upon the patient. That the rest of the company shall stand apart and preserve silence during the experiments. That if any member desire to have any question put or experiment tried, he shall state the same in writing, and hand it to the president, who shall, if he approve it, pass it silently to the operator. That such note and its results be carefully preserved on the minutes of the society."

A member stated the following curious fact. Seeing a gentleman, whom he knew to be subject to the mesmeric influence, sleeping (in natural slumber), he made some passes over him, for the purpose of ascertaining if the natural could be thus changed into the mesmeric sleep, without consciousness on the part of the patient. The experiment was successful, and the catalepsy and other phenomena of the mesmeric condition were immediately produced.

Another member mentioned an interesting and very convincing experiment on phreno-mesmerism. While influencing the mental faculties of a lady (whose case has been already described in THE CRITIC), he proceeded thus. Touching imitation and mirth, she was excited to mimicry of any persons named to her. Among others, she was requested to mimic her mother, who was present. She did so with admirable skill. In the midst of the performance, the operator silently passed the other hand over her, but without touching it. The effect was instant and remarkable. Her whole countenance, voice, and manner changed, and in the midst of her most mirthful mimicry she stopped. "Why don't you go on?" "I can't—I won't—it's a shame to mimic mamma." Another finger was passed over conscientiousness,

and the expression followed,—"I will not do it—it is not right."

Three patients were then introduced.

The first was Ellen —, aged 16; stunted growth; brown hair; light eyes, not prominent; sickly countenance; was subject to epilepsy some years since, but is now quite cured; not educated; reads imperfectly.

She was mesmerized from another room, and in about a minute and a half. Eyes tightly closed.

In her normal state she was dull, shy, and silent.

In the mesmeric state she was talkative and intelligent, readily answering every question, and conversing with all about her.

As it was alleged that she was *clairvoyante*, the experiments were all directed to the investigation of that phenomenon.

Her eyes were bandaged, and a book containing engravings and coloured plates of subjects in natural history was produced.

Trial was first made if she could describe the pictures, when seen only by the person *en rapport* with her. This was entirely unsuccessful.

The book was then placed in her hands, and lay upon her lap. She turned over the leaves very rapidly, and named the pictures immediately, and, for the most part, correctly. Her errors were such only as would be made by a person seeing in a dim light. She mistook a dog for a monkey, and a hippopotamus for an ox; but she *never* failed to indicate where there was a coloured plate, or even a small woodcut in the midst of the text.

She was next requested by one of the members to describe his house, which she had never entered. The following was the result:—

"Will you go with me to my house?" "Yes." "What part of the square is it in?" "At the end; you turn a corner, and the door is at the side." (Right.) "Go in with me: what do you see?" "The dining-room is on one side; the library before you." (Right.) "Let us go into the dining-room—what do you see?" "Oh, such a lot of pictures!" (Right.) "Where are the windows?" "At the side." (Wrong.) "Where is the fire-place?" "Opposite the door." (Wrong.) "What do you see?" "Ah! there is a picture between the windows." (Right.) "What is it?" "A large picture." (Wrong.) "What is the subject?" "Oh, no; I see now. That's not the large picture; that picture is a middle-size one; there are two persons in it." "What are they doing?" "Kissing." (Right; it is a painting of Cupid and Psyche.) "Is there any other picture?" "Oh yes; such a large one." "Where?" "Over the fire-place." (Right.) "What is it?" "A gentleman." (Right.) "How is he dressed?" "In plain clothes, all in black." (Right.) "Is he sitting or standing?" "Standing." (Right.) "Is there any thing else in the picture?" "Yes, a table with some books on it." (Right.) "Any thing else?" "Yes, an inkstand." (Wrong; there is a writing-desk, but no inkstand is visible.) "Is the picture like any body?" "Yes, it is something like you." (Right.) "Do you see any thing more?" "Yes, there are other pictures." "Where?" "There is one by the side of the fire-place—the wall goes in there." (Right.) "What is that picture?" "Another gentleman." "Is he sitting or standing?" "Sitting." "What on?" "An easy chair, like this." (Right.) "Has he any thing in his hand?" "Yes." "What is it?" "A book." "No—think again." "I'm sure it's a book." (Wrong; it is a hat.) "Is there a picture on the other side?" "Yes." "Describe it." "There's water in the middle, and houses and trees on both sides—(right)—and mountains-like in the back—(wrong)—and the sun is shining, oh, my! so bright above!" (It is a very unnaturally-bright moonlight piece.) "Now let us go up-stairs to the drawing-room." "Very well." "Now we go in at the door." "Stop! There's a great statue outside the door in the corner." (Right.) "What sort of one is it?" "As big as you, of a brown colour." (Right.) "Now, then, let us go into the room. How many windows are there?" "Two." (Wrong.) "What's the drapery?" "Reddish." (It has a red stripe.) "Now look again; how many windows are there?" "I was wrong. There is only one window, but it's very large." (Right.) "Do you see any thing particular?" "No, only lots of pretty things; there's a looking-glass over the fire-place, and a sofa." (Right.) "Is there a piano?" "No—yes there is." "Where is it?" "In the front room." (Wrong.) "What sort of one is it?" "An upright." (Wrong.) Her attention was not attracted by any object in this room.

Another member now placed himself *en rapport* with her, and the following conversation ensued:— "Will you travel with me to my home in Somersetshire?" "Oh, yes, because I like you." "Well, now we are in the street where I reside, how do we get to the door?" "Through iron gates." (Right.) "We pass the gates—which side is the door?" "On the right hand." (Correct.) "Let us enter the house; now what do you see?" "A hall, with three doors opening from it—no, there are four doors." (Right.) "We'll now go into one of the parlours—the larger one." "What, the one with the nice red hangings?" "Yes, the same; now what do you see?" "I see lots of

pretty pictures." "Describe some of them." "There is a young lady in a white muslin frock, with a gold chain about her neck." (Right.) "Now describe another." "There is a gentleman in regiments over the fire-place." (Wrong.) "Now look again; are you sure he is in regiments?" "No; he is in plain clothes." "What coloured cravat has he?" "A white one." (Correct) "Do you see any thing more in him remarkable?" "I see the pretty studs in his shirt."

The portrait is one of a gentleman in a cloak, and the rings of a chain, by which it is held together, depend from the throat, and being bright, were possibly mistaken by the patient for studs.

"Look round the room, and describe to me the furniture." "Oh, I see such a funny chair—one that rolls about, and has got no legs—such a funny chair." "Describe it particularly." "It has arms to it, a long back, and a round underneath it." (Right. The chair is an American rocking-chair, and was described exactly.) "What other articles do you see?" "I see a sideboard, a sofa, a table, with books on it, and a piano, with scarlet silk in it." (There is no sideboard, but a chiffonier; and the piano-forte is horizontal, without silk.) "Do you see any other picture over the mantel-piece?" "Yes; I see a little boy." (Wrong.) "Look again; are you sure it is boy?" "No; it is a lady." "Is there any thing remarkable about her?" "Yes; she has a scarf of several colours over her shoulder." (The picture is a miniature, by Conway, of a lady in the character of Flora, and has a garland of flowers over the shoulder, crossing her bosom.) "Now tell me what other picture you see?" "I see one with large trees, mountains, and a great deal of water." "What else do you see in it?" "A bridge, a boat, with two men, and a house—no, not a house, but a rock." (There is this singularity about these particulars: the picture once had a bridge in the middle distance, and a boat, with two figures in it, which, however, for some artistic objections, as disturbing the sentiment of the composition, have been painted out.) The questioner is not at all conscious that the memory of this fact at all presented itself to his mind during the conversation about the picture.

She subsequently described the chambers of a gentleman in the company, accurately stating many particulars, and especially naming a bust of Napoleon.

While her eyes were fast closed she walked about, avoiding all obstacles in a crowded room; and she described an engraving of Lord Brougham, in his gown and wig, in the act of speaking, as a clergyman preaching, and she placed her arms in the same attitude. In like manner she recognized O'Connell and various persons in a recent number of *Punch*.

At one period of the evening she read directly letters written large, and the paper folded so that the ordinary eye could not distinguish them. At other times she entirely failed to do this.

When asked how she saw the rooms and pictures, and if she went to the place, she replied, "Oh! no; I don't go there; I don't see the things themselves. When you ask me the question *they rise up in my mind exactly like a dream*."

Martha Amery was mesmerized by a member in about two minutes. When in a waking state her respiration is very audible: in the mesmeric sleep it is hardly perceptible. When in the latter condition she was not lucid; she was repeatedly called by her name without any answer being elicited: on the fingers being placed to the cavity of the ear she readily comprehended, and answered any questions put to her: she had complete control over her eyelids and opened them when asked to do so, and continued them in that condition upon request; she declared, however, that she could see nothing. On certain *drawing* motions being made by the operator she followed him slowly, and on his getting behind her and retiring and making a similar motion she followed him backwards. She exhibited a strong tendency to adopt every action and movement of the operator: he lay upon the floor, she did the same, and continued to alter her position to conform to his; her eyes were still open, and presented a glassy, fixed, and deathlike appearance; they remained motionless. Her arms and legs were perfectly cataleptic, and whilst silver had no effect upon them, gold readily decatalepsed them. A galvanic ring was placed on her finger, and on being asked (in the usual way, by putting the fingers to the ears) if she felt any thing, she said, "Yes, I feel it pricking me." Other experiments of the common kind were tried with the usual results. No means were discovered of making her lucid save those before mentioned, and her lucidity continued as long only as the process was continued. She remained in her sleep for about two hours, and was then awakened by means of the usual passes, and declared she had no knowledge of any thing that had taken place; during her mesmeric trance she was insensible to pain.

BRISTOL.—CASE OF MISS WEBB.—(From a Correspondent.)—I send you, for insertion in your valuable journal, a case of

Mesmerism which I met with during a visit to Bristol last month. Although many of the phenomena described will be familiar to some of your readers, there are one or two facts which may be deemed worthy of record: for many little circumstances which are passed over at the time of experiment with slight notice, as unimportant, may eventually be found highly valuable as data, when we become able to construct a theory.

Miss Webb, aged 17, had been for some months affected with constant headache and palpitation of the heart, accompanied by violent cough and pain in the side. She had been under medical care, but had derived little relief from medicine. I mesmerized her daily for three weeks. At the first sitting she went into the coma in four minutes; subsequently, in half a minute. Her eyes became fixed and vacant in expression, and, when they were closed by the fingers, she gave a deep sigh, her head fell on her right shoulder, and she was in state of isolation, utterly unconscious of any noise, however loud and sudden, except the voice of the Mesmerizer, whose faintest whisper she heard and replied to. Her insensibility to pain was so severely tested that no doubt remained in my mind that any surgical operation might have been performed on her without her being conscious of it. She evinced community of sensation with me in taste, smell, and touch; named what I ate and drank; sneezed when I took snuff, and shrank back as though in pain when my hand was pricked with a pin. This community of feeling with me ceased when I was not in contact with her. Her legs and feet, while in the sleep, invariably assumed the same position; the toes of one foot being placed behind the heel of the other. I found, by inquiry, that she was not accustomed to sit in this manner when awake, and I observed that she did not do so when she sat down to be mesmerized. The legs were extremely rigid, but this rigidity was removed by a few transverse passes. The legs and arms could be drawn upwards by a tractive pass, and remained rigid when the traction ceased. The head could be, in the same manner, drawn to either side at pleasure. It is worthy of remark, that both hands rose when I wished and tried to attract but one, and the same thing happened with the feet. When I first endeavoured to excite the cerebral organs she shewed great uneasiness, drew her head from under my fingers, and complained of pain; this afterwards ceased, and some very interesting phrenological manifestations were elicited during subsequent sittings. The phreno-magnetic phenomena are now so well known, that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge on this part of the subject. I will only mention two facts; one of which shews the fallacy of the theory, that results arising from this class of experiments are the consequences of *mental suggestions, or sympathy with the will of the operator*. I touched what I conceived to be the organ of *number*, and expected a corresponding manifestation, when she said she wished she had "a nice mince pie!" I found I had excited *alimentiveness* by mistake. The other circumstance I am about to mention seems to favour the opinion formed by Mr. Spencer Hall and others, that each organ has its antagonist principle adjacent. When I touched *gaiety*, she became very dejected, and looked the picture of grief; on moving my finger a little lower, she laughed heartily. When touched with gold, which I had held in my hand and breathed upon, she complained that it *pricked* her, and used great exertions to remove it from her. Unmesmerized gold gave her a sensation the same in kind, but much less violent in degree.

Silver had a slight effect, and copper none at all. She was clairvoyante; described persons and things placed behind her, which she could not have seen in her normal state with her eyes open. She possessed the faculty of *extra-vision*—described her liver as diseased, dark-coloured, and spotted; and assigned this as the cause of the pain in the side. She foretold when the headache and cough would entirely cease, and her prognostic was correct. Constipation of the bowels was removed by passes, with contact, over the abdomen. One day she had been suffering severely from sore throat, having caught cold, but neglected mentioning it to me till, during the sleep, whilst under the excitement of *tune*, she left off in the middle of a song, saying, she could sing no more, her throat was so bad. The pain was removed by a few passes, and did not return. Her first exclamation when awake was, "Good gracious! I have lost my sore throat!" She had not in her waking state the faintest recollection of any thing that had occurred during the sleep; the moment when her eyes were closed, and the moment in which they were open, were, to her consciousness, consecutive moments, though several hours often elapsed between. Once, when *imitation* was excited, she imitated the whistle of a person in the room, though before and afterwards she seemed perfectly isolated—entirely deaf to all sounds made by any one in the room, except myself and those with whom she had purposely been put *en rapport*. This seemed extraordinary; but I found, in experimenting upon other patients, that isolation is in many cases temporary. One young lady was accustomed to remain so for about half an hour, and then gradually came to hear every one in

I forgot to mention that, during the tractive experiments, the tendons at the back of the patient's hands were in constant rapid motion, evidently involuntary; for I have in vain attempted to imitate it by moving my own fingers in different directions. When I left Miss Webb all her ailments had disappeared, except the pain in the side (which I have no doubt could have been removed by local passes, had I been able to have remained longer in Bristol). The improvement in her appearance, general health, and spirits, was a subject of wonder to all her friends. I will send you, for your next number, an astonishingly rapid cure of gout by Mesmerism.

J. W. RYLAND.

Tudor Hall, Hawkhurst, Kent, Feb. 15, 1845.

CUMBERLAND.—CASE OF ANN PATTENSON.—(From a correspondent).—I venture to send you the following account of a cure wrought by Mesmerism, which you may perhaps think worth inserting in your admirably conducted journal, and, if not, you will at least be gratified by knowing that Mesmerism is believed in and practised to some extent in this remote part of England.

Ann Patterson, an unmarried woman, aged 34, the daughter of a tailor, had been subject to epileptic fits for eleven years, and for the last four years had suffered from such debility and lameness, caused by a sharp attack of rheumatism, that she was able to walk but a few yards with the help of a stick. She had been under the care of several medical men, but without receiving any benefit; and in the year 1841 she was three months an inmate in the Cumberland Infirmary, from whence she was discharged as incurable. She continued a cripple, and subject to fits as often as once or twice a week, until August, 1844, when I persuaded her to place herself under the care of Mr. Castle, a chemist, in Carlisle, who had given much attention to Mesmerism. He considered her case as very hopeless, but at my request he most kindly continued to mesmerize her daily for three weeks. After about three or four *séances*, her lameness was so much improved that she could walk without a stick, and at the end of three weeks she was no longer lame; a pain in her side, which she had formerly suffered from, had left her; and she had had but one fit, which was much slighter than usual. She then returned to her father's house in Knecroft, a small village, about a mile from where I live; and from the middle of September till the beginning of December she was never mesmerized at all, but she had no return of fits or lameness, and her general health was much improved. I began to mesmerize her in December, and have continued to do so almost daily until this time. She is now a very strong and healthy person, has never had a fit since she was in Carlisle, and is able to walk nine or ten miles without fatigue. She is the wonder of all the neighbourhood, who knew her former crippled and infirm state, and see her present strength and activity. When mesmerized, she shews the different phrenological phenomena very beautifully, is insensible to pain when injured herself, but feels very acutely any injury inflicted on her mesmerizer, thinking that she is hurt herself. Drinking mesmerized water throws her into the trance as quickly as mesmerizing her in the usual way. Though an ignorant and weak-minded person, she repeats sentences in foreign languages with great facility after her Mesmeriser, and one day, on being asked what hypnotism (a word totally unknown to her) meant, she replied instantly "Mesmerism." "What is Mesmerism?" "The overcoming of the body, and curing it." A very curious answer for an uneducated person. She has frequently told what o'clock it was by the watch being held to the back of her head. Her arms are capable of being mesmerized into a state of the most unbending rigidity when she is either in the trance or awake: and by making a few mesmeric passes on a chair or table, her hand becomes attached to it, so that, with all her strength, she cannot draw it away. She sometimes falls into an ecstatic trance, thinking she is in Heaven, and describing its appearance, and the many angels around her. She has frequently displayed very remarkable instances of clairvoyance. To relate them all would be tiresome, but the following anecdote will shew of what description they usually are. One morning I threw her into the Mesmeric trance, and leaving her in it, I walked on to a village about two miles off, entered a cottage, and had some conversation with a woman who was ill. I then returned to Ann's house, and, before awaking her, I asked her where I had been. She told me exactly what village I had been at, whose cottage I had been in, and the name, dress, and attitude of the woman I had spoken to. Many of my friends in this neighbourhood have seen me mesmerize Ann Patterson, and could bear testimony to the truth of what I have related.

20th February, 1845.

CAMDEN TOWN.—CASE OF MISS C—L.—PHRENO-MESMERISM. (From our correspondent).—On Wednesday last, Feb. 19, I mesmerized my cousin, Miss C—L— of Camden-town. Having, in about half a minute, thrown her

into the mesmeric sleep, I excited some of her phrenological organs. On my first attempting, a few months back, to mesmerize her I did not succeed, but upon each subsequent attempt she has gone off, and with increasing rapidity. For the first few occasions, I was unable to excite her mental organs; they now are awakened with the greatest ease. On this occasion I excited *destructiveness* (an organ I had never before excited), and having placed in her hand a letter, she began to skrunge it violently, and presently to tear it up, and throw it in the fire; her countenance at the same time bespeaking considerable anger. We then gave her another letter, with which she was about to do the same, when I removed my fingers to *benevolence*, whereupon she discontinued her violence, folded the letter neatly, and was about to put it into her pocket. I replaced my fingers on destructiveness, and the former description of conduct was exhibited, and discontinued on their being removed. I then placed my fingers, for the first time, on the organ of *order*, and presently she began to arrange her dress, to replace her brooch, and she asked for her apron. Knowing that she had indulged in the seasonable frivolity of Valentine-sending, and that she had kept the names of the parties a secret; and knowing that if, in her sleep, we could induce her to confess, it would be a fair test of the mesmeric influence—relying at the same time upon her generosity for forgiveness in taking this advantage—I excited *conscientiousness*, and then asked her if she had sent any Valentines? She replied, "Yes." "How many?" "Two." "To whom did you send them?" "One I sent to —, and the other to —," naming the parties. I also excited many other of the mental organs. She has no knowledge of phrenology. I then, by appropriate passes, made her follow me all about the room, and this, too, backwards. I catalepsed her arms and decatalepsed them at a distance behind her, by willing it only. I found that if silver was placed on a catalepsed limb it had no effect upon it; but on gold being placed there, the limb became decatalepsed, and she felt (and this is the case in all parties) a pricking, painful sensation. Wishing to try the effect of mesmerized water, I procured a tumbler full, and gave it to her to drink, asking her if she knew what it was. She replied, "Yes, it's water." I then took the glass from her, made some passes over the liquid (though I doubt whether this was necessary, or had any effect), and willed that it should be *wine*, thinking at the time of *sherry wine*. I then gave her the glass, and asked her to drink, and tell me what it was. She sipped the water twice, and then told me that it was wine. I asked her if she knew what wine. She said, "Yes, sherry." I again took the glass from her, made some fresh passes over it, and willed the liquid to be *beer*. I then gave it to her, and again requested her to drink, and tell me what it was. She did so, taking the glass from her lips once or twice to consider; she then told me that it was beer. I said, "Nonsense, it is water." She replied, "No, it is not; it is beer; I can smell it quite strong." After several other experiments, I catalepsed her arm on the table, and awoke her up; her arm was fixed to the table, and she was unable to move away until I demesmerized it. On being asked if she remembered any thing, she said that she did not; and, on being informed that I had extracted her secret about her valentines, she scolded me well, and declared that I should never mesmerize her again!

T. W. S.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.—The Rev. Mr. TOWNSHEND's volume of facts contains an interesting and valuable report by this celebrated man of the effects of mesmerism upon himself. Such testimony is invaluable, and must make the most heedless pause, reflect, and investigate.

Desirous to know what to think of mesmerism, I for a long time sought for an opportunity of making some experiments in regard to it upon myself, so as to avoid the doubts which might arise on the nature of the sensations which we have heard described by mesmerised persons. M. Desor, yesterday, in a visit which he made to Berne, invited Mr. Townshend, who had previously mesmerised him, to accompany him to Neufchâtel, and try to mesmerise me. These gentlemen arrived here with the evening courier, and informed me of their arrival. At eight o'clock I went to them. We continued at supper till half-past nine o'clock; and about ten o'clock Mr. Townshend commenced operating upon me. While we sat opposite to one another, he, in the first place, only took hold of my hands, and looked at me fixedly. I was firmly resolved to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, whatever it might be; and therefore, the moment I saw him endeavouring to exert an action upon me, I silently addressed the Author of all things, beseeching him to give me power to resist the influence, and to be conscientious in regard to myself, as well as in regard to the facts. I then fixed my eyes upon Mr. Townshend, attentive to whatever passed. I was in very suitable circumstances; the hour being early, and one at which I was in the habit of studying, was far from disposing me to sleep. I was sufficiently master

of myself to experience no emotion, and to repress all flights of imagination, even if I had been less calm; accordingly it was a long time before I felt any effect from the presence of Mr. Townshend opposite me. However, after at least a quarter of an hour, I felt a sensation of a current through all my limbs, and from that moment my eyelids grew heavy. I then saw Mr. Townshend extend his hands before my eyes, as if he were about to plunge his fingers into them; and then make different circular movements around my eyes, which caused my eyelids to become still heavier. I had the idea that he was endeavouring to make me close my eyes; and yet it was not as if some one had threatened my eyes, and, in the waking state, I had closed them to prevent him. It was an irresistible heaviness of the lids, which compelled me to shut them, and by degrees I found that I had no longer the power of keeping them open; but did not the less retain my consciousness of what was going on around me; so that I heard M. Desor speak to Mr. Townshend, understood what they said, and heard what questions they asked me, just as if I had been awake; but I had not the power of answering. I endeavoured in vain several times to do so; and when I succeeded, I perceived that I was passing out of the state of torpor in which I had been, and which was rather agreeable than painful.

In this state I heard the watchman cry ten o'clock; then I heard it strike a quarter past; but afterwards I fell into a deeper sleep, although I never entirely lost my consciousness. It appeared to me that Mr. Townshend was endeavouring to put me into a sound sleep; my movements seemed under his control, for I wished several times to change the position of my arms, but had not sufficient power to do it, or even really to will it; while I felt my head carried to the right or left shoulder, and backwards or forwards, without wishing it; and, indeed, in spite of the resistance which I endeavoured to oppose, and this happened several times.

I experienced at the same time a feeling of great pleasure in giving way to the attraction, which dragged me sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; then a kind of surprise on feeling my head fall into Mr. Townshend's hand, who appeared to me from that time to be the cause of the attraction. To his inquiry if I were well, and what I felt? I found I could not answer, but I smiled; I felt that my features expanded in spite of my resistance; I was inwardly confused at experiencing pleasure from an influence which was mysterious to me. From this moment I wished to wake, and was less at my ease; and yet, on Mr. Townshend asking me whether I wished to be awakened, I made a hesitating movement with my shoulders. Mr. Townshend then repeated some frictions, which increased my sleep; yet I was always conscious of what was passing around me. He then asked me if I wished to become lucid, at the same time continuing, as I felt, the frictions from the face to the arms. I then experienced an indescribable sensation of delight, and for an instant saw before me rays of dazzling light, which instantly disappeared. I was then inwardly sorrowful at this state being prolonged—it appeared to me that enough had been done with me; I wished to awake, but could not; yet, when Mr. Townshend and M. Desor spoke, I heard them. I also heard the clock, and the watchman cry, but I did not know what hour he cried. Mr. Townshend then presented his watch to me, and asked if I could see the time, and if I saw him; but I could distinguish nothing. I heard the clock strike the quarter, but could not get out of my sleepy state. Mr. Townshend then woke me with some rapid transverse movements from the middle of the face outward, which instantly caused my eyes to open, and at the same time I got up, saying to him, "I thank you." It was a quarter past eleven. He then told me, and M. Desor repeated the same thing, that the only fact which had satisfied them that I was in a state of mesmeric sleep, was the facility with which my head followed all the movements of his hand, although he did not touch me, and the pleasure which I appeared to feel at the moment when, after several repetitions of friction, he thus moved my head at pleasure in all directions.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

We must give the advertiser the benefit of our circulation, and therefore copy the following advertisement from *The Times* of Feb. 19:—

A Character.—The noblemen and gentlemen of England are respectfully informed that the advertiser is a self-taught man—a "genius." He has travelled (chiefly on foot) through the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, France, and Italy. He has conducted a popular periodical, written a work of fiction in three vols., published a system of theology, composed a drama, studied Hamlet, been a political lecturer, a preacher, a village schoolmaster, a pawnbroker, a general shopkeeper; has been acquainted with

more than one founder of a sect, and is now (he thanks Providence) in good health, spirits, and character, out of debt, and living in charity with all mankind. During the remainder of his life, he thinks he would feel quite at home as SECRETARY, Amanuensis, or Companion to any nobleman or gentleman who will engage a once erratic but now sedate being, whose chief delight consists in seeing and making those around him cheerful and happy. Address A. Z., at Mr. Powell's seminary, Boston-street, Regent's-park.

GOSSIP ON ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the 10th, a general assembly of the academicians of the Royal Academy of Arts was held at their apartments in Trafalgar-square, when Charles Landseer, esq. was duly elected Royal Academician in the room of Henry Perrott Briggs, esq. deceased. Mr. Landseer is the brother of Edwin, the celebrated animal painter. His art bears a strong resemblance to that of his brother, and is essentially of melo-dramatic character.

RESTORATION OF THE PORTLAND VASE.—The public and connoisseurs will learn with sincere gratification, that this invaluable relic of antiquity, although so seriously fractured and mutilated, is considered by Sir Henry Ellis to be capable, to a certain extent, of restoration, so as still to remain extant in shape for the admiration of the world of art. At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on Thursday evening, Mr. Windus, at the close of the evening, addressing the members on the subject, said in reference—"It was but too true that nothing could restore to them the vase itself; but genuine copies had fortunately been made. The late Pichler, the eminent engraver of gems, struck with its beauty, moulded the vase at Rome. This mould was put into the hands of Mr. Tassie, and after a certain number (only a few) of casts were made, it was destroyed. A few of these casts are extant. The Marquis of Exeter, Mr. A. Pellatt, and he himself (Mr. Windus), possess copies. His own he intended shortly to exhibit, together with a cast of the sarcophagus in which it was found, at the Polytechnicon." Sir Henry Ellis stated that the British Museum had also one of these copies, which would, as early as possible, be exhibited to the public. The vase, by Wedgwood, it appears, is only a modern copy, and not cast from the original. Sir Henry Ellis also stated that the vase had not sustained so much injury as was expected; that the principal figures were preserved, and two persons, named Doubleday and Bullock, employed in the museum, would be able to put it together again.

Salvi, after his engagement at Moscow, proceeds to St. Petersburg, where he is engaged for the nobility's Lent concerts; from St. Petersburg he will visit Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, and Warsaw, for which tour he is engaged by the impresario Giovani. He is expected in London in the month of June, and is engaged at the Ancient Concerts.

The youthful son of M. de Beriot and the late lamented Mabliban is reported as a brilliant pianiste; he has been playing at Brussels.

A young violinist, Master Day, brother to the talented pianiste, Miss Day, is much admired in the Belgian capital. His performance at a concert given a few evenings ago, at the Cercle des Arts, elicited unbounded applause, as well as calling forth high eulogiums on his master M. de Beriot.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, it is said, have taken the Lyceum Theatre for three years.

The Senate of the United States has passed a Bill appropriating the large bequests of Mr. Smithson (brother to the late and uncle to the present Duke of Northumberland), left at their disposal "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge," and establishing "The Smithsonian Institute." It is to be under the charge of a Board of Management, consisting of fifteen persons; the vice-president and chief justice, for the time being, of the Union—three members of each House of the Legislature, to be named by the presiding officers thereof, and to hold for one year—and seven others, to be chosen by Congress (no two from the same State), for two years; two of these latter to be always members of the National Institute of Washington. The clear sum which Government received, under the bequest, amounted to 508,316 dol.; and this has since been augmented, by the interest which has accrued, to a total of 717,424 dol.

The Third Edition of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* was disposed of on the first day of publication, one house in the Row (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) taking 600 copies.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

AGRICULTURE.

Manual of Field Gardening; or, Belgian Agriculture made Easy: containing the Routine of certain Field Garden Operations in Sussex and Yorkshire, in 1843 and 1844. Fcp. pp. 112, sd. 1s. 6d.

ANNUALS.

Durham University Calendar for 1845. 12mo. pp. 172, cl. 2s. 6d.

Florist's Annual, and Gardener's Record for the Year 1844. 8vo. pp. 258, cold. plates, cl. 8s.

Dublin Almanack and General Register of Ireland for the Year 1845. 8vo. pp. 912, bound, 12s. 6d.

Dodd, C. R.—Parliamentary Companion for 1845, 13th Year. Royal 32mo. pp. 254, cl. limp, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

Crosby's Builders' Price Book, corrected to 1845, with a copious Abridgment of the New Building Act, &c. 8vo. pp. 169, sd. 4s.

Oxford University Calendar for 1845, corrected to Dec. 1844. 12mo. pp. 44, bds. 6s.

Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the past year. Fcp. pp. 288, illustrated with Engravings, cl. 5s.

ANTIQUITIES.

Guide to the Architectural Antiquities in the Neighbourhood of Oxford, Part III. (Deanery of Cuddesdon, Ridel), 8vo. pp. 185, 286 engs. sd. 6d.

ART.

Pictorial Gallery of Arts, Part I. small folio, pp. 32, sd. 1s.

Baronial Halls, Picturesque Edifices, and Ancient Churches of England, from Drawings by eminent Artists, executed under the superintendence of Mr. Harding. The Text by S. C. Hall, F.S.A. 3 vols. imp. 4to. Vol. I. 24 Plates. Hf.-bd. 27. 5s.; large paper, 37. 7s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Bethune, A.—Memoirs of Alexander Bethune; embracing Selections from his Correspondence and Literary Remains. Compiled and edited by William M'Combie. Fcp. pp. 390, cl. 4s. 6d.

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Elliston, R. W.—Memoirs of Robert William Elliston, Comedian. With Illustrations by Phiz. 2nd and concluding Series, 8vo. pp. 564, cl. 15s.

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Maund, B.—Book of Hardy Flowers; or, Gardeners' Edition of the Botanic Garden. Vol. II. small 4to. cold. Plates, and Letterpress, cl. 7s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Patres Ecclesiae Anglicane.—Sancti Aldhelmi ex Abate Malmesburiensi Episcopi Schirburnensis Opera quae extant Omnia e codicibus MSS. emendavit nonnulla nunc primum. Editio J. A. Giles, LL.D. 8vo. (Oxonii), pp. 416, cl. 10s. 6d.

Scriptores Monastici.—Galfredi Monumetensis Historia Bretonum. Nunc primum in Anglia Novem Codd. MS. collatis. Editio J. A. Giles, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 318, cl. 10s. 6d.

Herodoti Historiarum Libri IX.—Recognovit et Commentationem de Dialecto Herodoti praemisit Gulielmus Dindorfius. Ctesiae Chnidi et Chronographorum, Castoris Erasthenis, etc. Fragmenta Dissertationes et Notis illustrata a Carolo Mulleri Graece et Latine cum Indicibus. Royal 8vo. (Paris), pp. 778, cl. 21s.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Mills, G.—Treatise on the Culture of the Pine Apple. Fcp. pp. 92, cl. 5s.

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